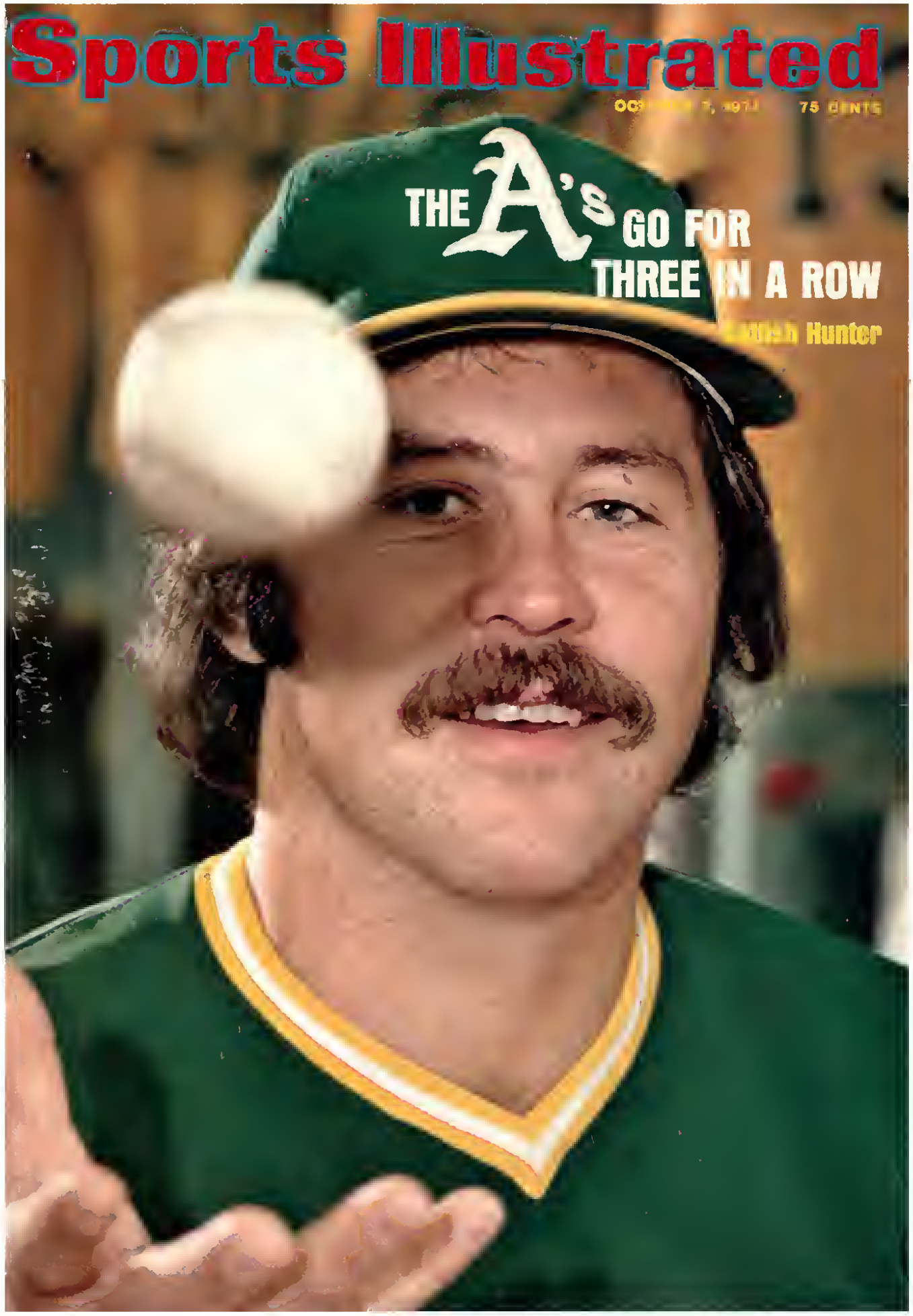
Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 7, 1971 75 CENTS



THE A's GO FOR THREE IN A ROW

Catfish Hunter

How'd you like to—

Get better overall operating economy than we've offered in years?

Have cleaner air for everyone?

Go up to 20% longer between oil changes?

Get up to 22,500 miles on spark plugs?

Save money on tuneups because there are no points or condensers to replace?

Get faster starts, especially in cold and wet weather?

Read about GM's Maximum Mileage System.

We call it our Maximum Mileage System because it represents the most advanced engineering and technology GM can offer in 1975 Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs.

For 1975, you can cut maintenance and operating cost enjoy our best performance in years, spend less time in service, and drive a car with less exhaust emissions.

Those are pretty strong promises, but after spending $160 million for research and engineering, testing, tools and facilities over the past seven years, we're confident that GM's exclusive Maximum Mileage System has what it takes to back them up.

To begin with, The System incorporates two of the most important engineering breakthroughs since the gasoline-powered car was first driven in 1885. They're our new Catalytic Exhaust Converter and High Energy Electronic Ignition, which, while they might sound old hat, are dramatically different from anything we've ever had.

These, combined with our improved Torque Converter, Fast Warm-up Carburetion and GM Specification Steel-belted Radial Tires, add up to what we think you want from a new GM car. Lower operating costs. Performance like the "good old days." Longer periods between servicing. And cleaner air for everyone. In short, the most advanced engineering and technology GM can offer in 1975 Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs. We call it

The System.

GM's Maximum Mileage System can save you money.

We compared 1975 GM cars using unleaded gas with similarly equipped 1974 models using leaded fuel and, overall, found savings on fuel consumption. Of course, the amount of savings will vary according to car size and your driving and maintenance habits.



S,

How the Catalytic Exhaust Converter *contributes to savings.*



The Catalytic Converter was conceived to help us meet this year's more stringent EPA requirements for hydrocarbon and carbon monoxide emissions . . . which it does. As a matter of fact, as these emissions pass through the converter, a catalyst of platinum and palladium—the same metals found in fine jewelry—acts to chemically change these emissions into water vapor and carbon dioxide, the gas that makes the bubbles in soda pop.

At the same time, by shifting some of the "cleaning chores" to the Catalytic Exhaust Converter, we were able to recalibrate the engine for lower idling speeds, quicker warm-up and smoother overall performance.

Unleaded gas can save you money on maintenance, too.

If you were to use regular gasoline with The System, the lead in it would, in time, form a coating around the catalyst, spark plugs and valves that would reduce efficiency. But by using unleaded gasoline, you get cleaner air, your spark plugs last up to 22,500 miles, you can go up to 7,500 miles between oil changes, and your tailpipe and muffler should even last longer, to say nothing of prolonging the life of the catalyst.



The muscle behind The System—GM's High Energy Ignition.

Electronic ignitions have been around for some time now, but there's never been anything to match our new High Energy Ignition (HEI).

To begin with, its name comes from the fact that it can deliver up to 35,000 volts, against only 25,000 volts for the older ones. Since it can deliver higher voltages, it can fire marginal fuel mixtures under adverse conditions and give you quicker starts with less drain on the battery. What's more, there are no points to require periodic replacement and no ignition condenser to wear out. Think how much that alone will save you on tuneups.

The HEI is virtually impervious to moisture, dirt and road splash, so even in damp or wet weather you should get quick starts.

It's pretested as a complete unit, so there's less chance of human error in the assembly process.

And as we mentioned earlier spark plug life is lengthened so you'll get "new car" performance longer.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

"You Can't Beat The System."

It's an old saying, but with the new Maximum Mileage System, we think our new GM cars offer you a big plus this year over previous years. You'll like the performance we've restored. You won't have to go in for service as often. You'll enjoy improved operating economy. And you'll be driving the cleanest cars in General Motors history.

For 1975, we can say more proudly than ever

We want you to drive what you like and like what you drive.



The System has a warm heart.

In cold weather, an automobile engine simply needs more gasoline during starting and



warm-up to overcome the gasoline's slower vaporization. But for 1975, many GM engines have a new Fast Warm-up capability that allows the choke to disengage faster.

This, combined with the fact that our new High Energy Ignition will ignite gasoline/air mixtures over a wider range of temperatures, means you can help stretch your gasoline dollar.

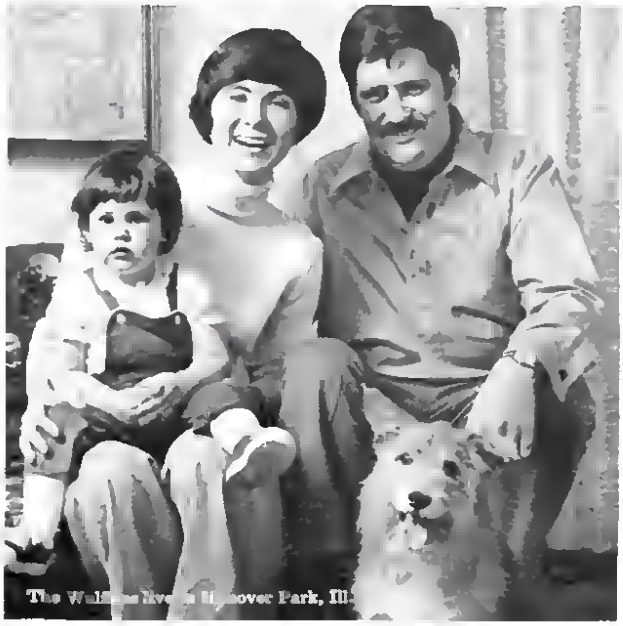
The rest of The System helps, too.

While perhaps not as dramatic as our Catalytic Converter and High Energy Ignition, we think you'll also appreciate a few other things we've done to improve gas mileage and performance for 1975.

First, we recalibrated the Torque Converter on our Turbo Hydra-matic transmission to respond more positively and activate quicker. By making it more efficient, you can get better fuel economy and more positive throttle response.

In addition, the GM Specification Steel-belted Radial Tire is available on all 1975 GM cars. It offers better traction in snow and wet, plus lower rolling resistance. The sum total is that you get longer tire life and better operating economy.

Why Bob Wulffen called Allstate for life insurance.



He just kept putting it off–then the baby came!

We gave him $19,000 worth of 25-year Decreasing Term for just $7.30 a month.

Why put it off? Call us. Chances are, we've got the kind of life insurance you need.

The Wulffens are like a lot of young families today.

They knew they needed life insurance, but they kept letting it slide.

For one reason, they didn't know what to ask for. For another, they thought it cost a lot of money.

Then, when little Jennifer arrived, Bob knew he shouldn't wait any longer. He called Allstate. And was pleasantly surprised.

Call us. We'll help you decide which policy makes sense for you.

Since most people aren't sure which policy to buy, it's our job to help you get the right policy for your family. For the right money for you.

To fit the Wulffens, we arranged a 25-year Decreasing Term policy. Since Bob was 27, it cost him just $7.30 a month.

"10-Day Free Look."

When you buy your Allstate policy, you can shop around and compare it with others. If you're not satisfied, return it within 10 days and we'll give you your money back.

Chances are, Allstate has the kind of life insurance you need. So why put it off? Talk to an Allstate Agent now.

What we did for the Wulffens, maybe we can do for you.

If you pay this amount each month and you're 27, say . .	You get this much Allstate life insurance (25-Year Decreasing Term)
$ 5	$10,700
10	31,700
15	61,900
20	85,700

Allstate
You're in good hands.

Allstate Life Insurance Company

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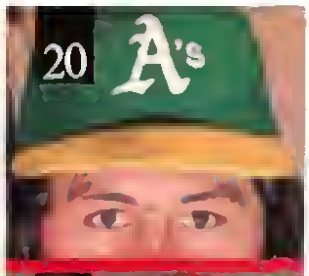
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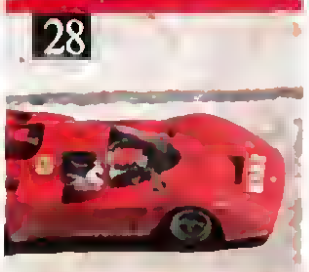
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Next week

THE LAST RACE of the Grand Prix season will settle first place in the world driving championship. Robert F. Jones is on hand for the Formula I showdown at Watkins Glen.

ARCHITECT NICKLAUS discusses his aims and methods in constructing a golf course and Dan Jenkins critiques the latest result of Jack's theories, Muirfield Village in Columbus.

THE MEN AND THE MYTH: bodybuilding is often derided, plagued by calumnies and rumor. Now an outsider gets an inside look and is impressed by the sport and its disciplines.

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The people who service color TV say Zenith needs fewest repairs.

For the third straight year, a leading research organization asked TV service technicians from coast to coast which color TV needs fewest repairs.

Again, Zenith was named most often.

Zenith was also named as the color TV with the best picture, and as the one more service technicians would buy for themselves today.

Question
In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers.

Zenith	**34%**
Brand A	15%
Brand B	11%
Brand C	7%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	3%
Other Brands	10%
About Equal	16%
Don't Know	9%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

The Ga[illegible]ough model F4754E, simulated TV picture

The people who own Zenith overwhelmingly choose Zenith again.

Again this year, a nationwide survey asked color TV owners if they'd buy the same brand today. Because nobody knows more about TV quality than someone who's lived with his set, year in and year out.

When the results were in, Zenith had won again.

Question:
If you were buying another color TV today, would you buy the same brand you bought before?

Answers.

Zenith	**82%**
Brand A	70%
Brand D	69%
Brand B	66%
Brand E	63%
Brand C	56%
Brand H	51%
Brand G	49%
Brand J	49%
Other Brands	44%

ZENITH
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CHROMACOLOR II
The quality goes in before the name goes on.®

Once again, the experts pick Zenith.

For details of the owners' and service technicians' surveys, write to Zenith Radio Corp., 1900 N. Austin Ave., Chicago, IL 60639

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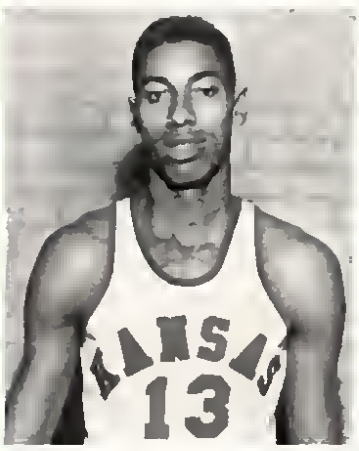
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When Senior Editor Peter Carry arrived at his desk one morning recently, he found a message asking him to return the call of a "Mr. Chamberland." The number was in the telephone company's 213 area, which is Los Angeles. Carry knew no one named Chamberland but as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's pro basketball writer for the past four seasons he was certainly familiar with a Mr. Chamber*lain*, who lives in area 213. Checking his address book, Carry found that the number on the message was indeed that of Wilton Norman Chamberlain.

"Once I was sure it was Wilt who



WILT, A BEARDLESS YOUTH, IN 1957

had called, I was pretty certain I knew what he had called about," Carry says. "It seemed whenever I saw Wilt last season he was complaining how the regimentation and travel of basketball were finally grating on him, after all these years. I figured he had phoned to tell me he was going to retire.

"I wanted to call back right away, but it was only 10 in New York, which is 7 in California, and I knew that Wilt has had insomnia for years. He goes to sleep late and usually doesn't get up much before noon. That meant I'd better wait until afternoon. By the time I got back from lunch, Wilt was on the phone again."

After a brief discussion of the pleasures of vacationing in Yugoslavia—Carry once rented a house on the Adriatic island of Brac, while Wilt is a frequent visitor to the adjacent island of Hvar—they turned to the topic at hand. Chamberlain said he had indeed decided to give up his $600,000 salary and retire from basketball. Was SPORTS ILLUSTRATED interested in an exclusive story on his departure from the game, his reasons for quitting and some Chamberlainesque parting shots?

SI was, and Associate Editor Roy Blount quickly was on his way to Los Angeles to get Wilt's words down on paper. The result of their collaboration begins on page 36.

Words by and about Wilt are nothing new to the pages of SI. Chamberlain is one of the few athletes whose career has almost exactly paralleled ours. At the time of SI's first issue in 1954, Wilt was about to start his senior year at Overbrook High School in Philadelphia, and he was already well known to serious basketball fans. He became nationally famous only a few months later—even before he went off to play for the University of Kansas—when he was drafted by the then Philadelphia Warriors of the NBA while still a schoolboy.

Chamberlain first appeared in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED just after he had graduated from Overbrook, and he has shown up in our pages every season since. He frequently has been on our cover, and in 1965 he co-authored a controversial two-part article, *My Life in a Bush League*, with Senior Editor Bob Ottum, in which he was openly critical of pro basketball.

Controversy and criticism have always marked Chamberlain's career, and his penchant for saying exactly what he thinks makes him a journalist's delight. Blount, who had never met him before, phoned from California while working on the story to say, "Wilt's sure doing a heap o' talking."

That's the Mr. Chamberland we've known these 20 years.

Jack Meyers

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Look. Life's what you make it. Make the most of yours. Talk to your Navy Recruiter right now. He can tell you what you qualify for before you enlist. Or call anytime. 800-841-8000. It's toll-free. (In Georgia: 800-342-5855.) A good job. A good life. The Navy: It's a good deal.

Be someone special. Join the Navy.

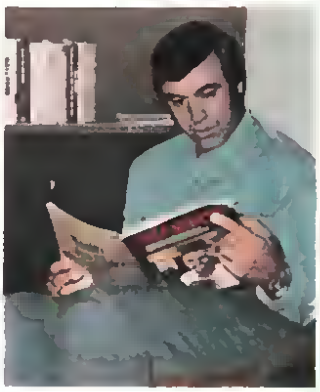
OUT OF HIS BALLPARK



Dave Giusti, pitcher, Pittsburgh Pirates.
A MONEY charter subscriber who recently renewed.
In baseball Dave Giusti is known as a money player—one of the rare breed who play best when the pressure is greatest. He's been in the major leagues for 10 years and is earning one of the highest salaries for a relief pitcher in the game.









Out of the ballpark, Dave Giusti is one of MONEY Magazine's most loyal fans. "I know my baseball career isn't going to last forever, and I want to maintain my family's lifestyle after I stop playing." He and his wife Ginny have two daughters and have recently purchased a home in the Pittsburgh suburbs. "I know something about the field of personal and family finance but I don't have the confidence there that I have in my pitching. So I use MONEY Magazine as a tool. In fact, I just invested in municipal bonds as a result of an article that appeared in MONEY."

If, like Dave Giusti, you want to find out more ways to use and enjoy the money you've earned, MONEY has what you want. There's no need for you to feel out of the ballpark in the field of personal finance, whether you're a pitcher, a portrait painter or a physician. 450,000 subscribers feel safe at home with MONEY.

Money

the magazine of personal finance from TIME INC

AN EXPERT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSCLES

Our files show that thousands of readers like yourself want to build bulging muscles and achieve real physical power like their favorite athletic champions. How to go about it? We decided to ask an expert, Dave Prowse, 3-times British Weightlifting champion and leading fitness expert. Here are his answers.

Q. *What does it take to build muscles?*

A. Basically, it takes exercise Almost any exercise will help to develop at least some of your muscles if you keep at it long enough and hard enough

Q. *Isn't there an easier way?*

A. Yes There is one outstandingly effective training method that is also fast and easy—the one I use and recommend—the new Bullworker system

Q. *What's that?*

A. The Bullworker is a revolutionary new muscle-building exerciser based on Isometrics, the science that increases strength up to four times faster than conventional methods In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system in the world today Many leading athletes use it World famous Heavyweight Boxer Muhammad Ali, World Heavyweight Judo Champion Wim Ruska, and Cycling Champion Eddy Merckx, to name only a few

Q. *How long does Bullworker training take?*

A. Bullworker provides absolutely the fastest kind of exercise possible In fact, an introduction training program takes only 70 seconds a day No other system—weightlifting, pulleys, or strenuous calisthenics—can give you results so quickly and easily On the contrary, many old-fashioned methods take hours of sweaty, boring work each day . and it's often months before you begin to see improvements Busy professional athletes and champions don't have time for that Nobody does

Q. *How long does it take before you begin getting results?*

A. With the Bullworker, you can actually begin to see and measure the positive results right from the very first day! Thanks to a built-in measuring device called the Powermeter After every exercise you just check the reading to see exactly how much your strength has increased from the day before There's no guesswork involved Isometric Bullworker training can increase your power at the amazing rate of up to 4% per week! That means a 50% increase in strength in the first three months alone And I've known many young men who have gone on to double and even triple their strength



Jack Barclay, junior Mr Europe shows the kind of results he achieved with Isometric Bullworker training

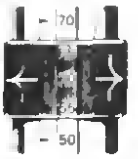


Dave Prowse 3 time British Weightlifting champion, demonstrates a super-effective 7-second exercise for building powerful biceps using the new Bullworker with built-in powermeter

Q. *What do those figures mean in usual terms?*

A. They mean that in as little as 14 days you can actually begin to *see* muscle growth in a mirror and *verify* it with a tape measure Every week thereafter brings ever faster growth

Built-in Powermeter
You can actually measure your musclepower g-r-o-w-i-n-g from the very first day.



Q. *But to get such impressive results, don't you have to work very hard?*

A. Absolutely not That's the outstanding advantage of Isometric training it's so amazingly easy! Each "Static-power" Isometric exercise takes *only 7 seconds*, and you barely have to move It's not even necessary to disrobe The Bullworker is so light and compact, it can be used at home, in the office, anywhere even while watching TV! It's a great improvement over bulky, expensive weights, bicycle machines, pulleys, etc

Q. *Can Bullworker training even develop bodies which are weak and skinny, or fat and flabby?*

A. Definitely! It's been proven by thousands of men of every shape, size and age all over the world Bullworker training helps transform weak, thin arms into rippling, muscular pillars of strength, build broad, powerful shoulders, turn flat, shallow chests into deep, manly ones, forge loose stomach flab into steel-hard, well-defined muscle build that "V" shape of a real athlete, develop sturdy, contoured thighs and calves And all this in *record time!*

What's more, I've known skinny, shy fellows who after just a few short weeks with Bullworker, turned into real go-getters every inch a man bowling girls over with their dynamism, confidence, and new found power! You really have to see the remarkable effects of Bullworker for yourself to believe them!

Q. *How can I find out more about the Bullworker, perhaps actually try it for myself?*

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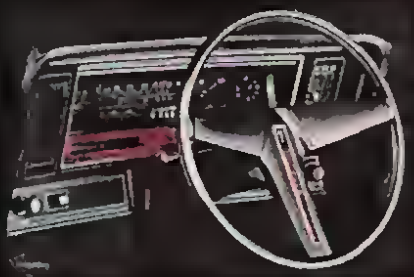
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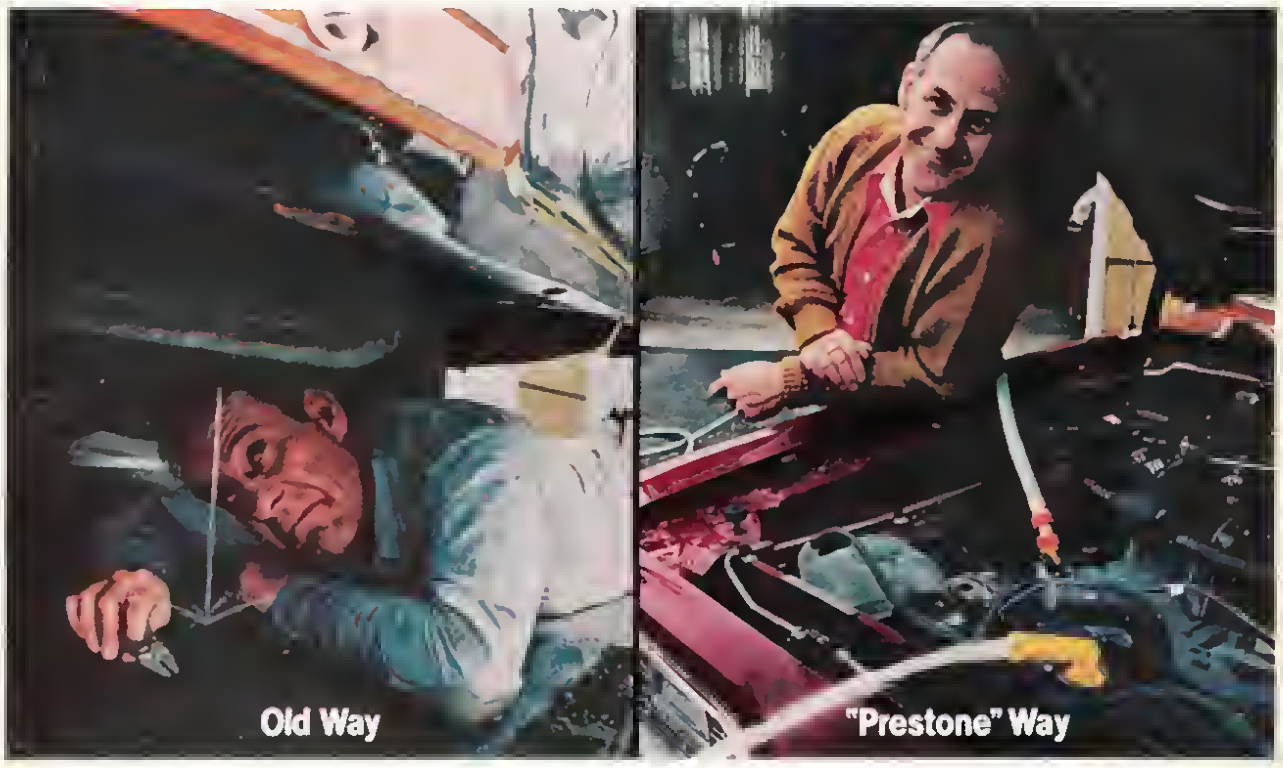
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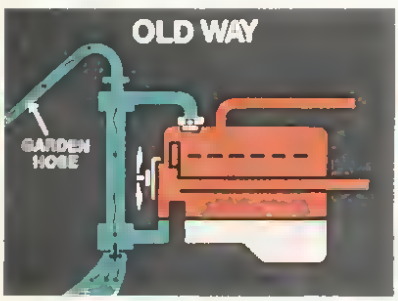
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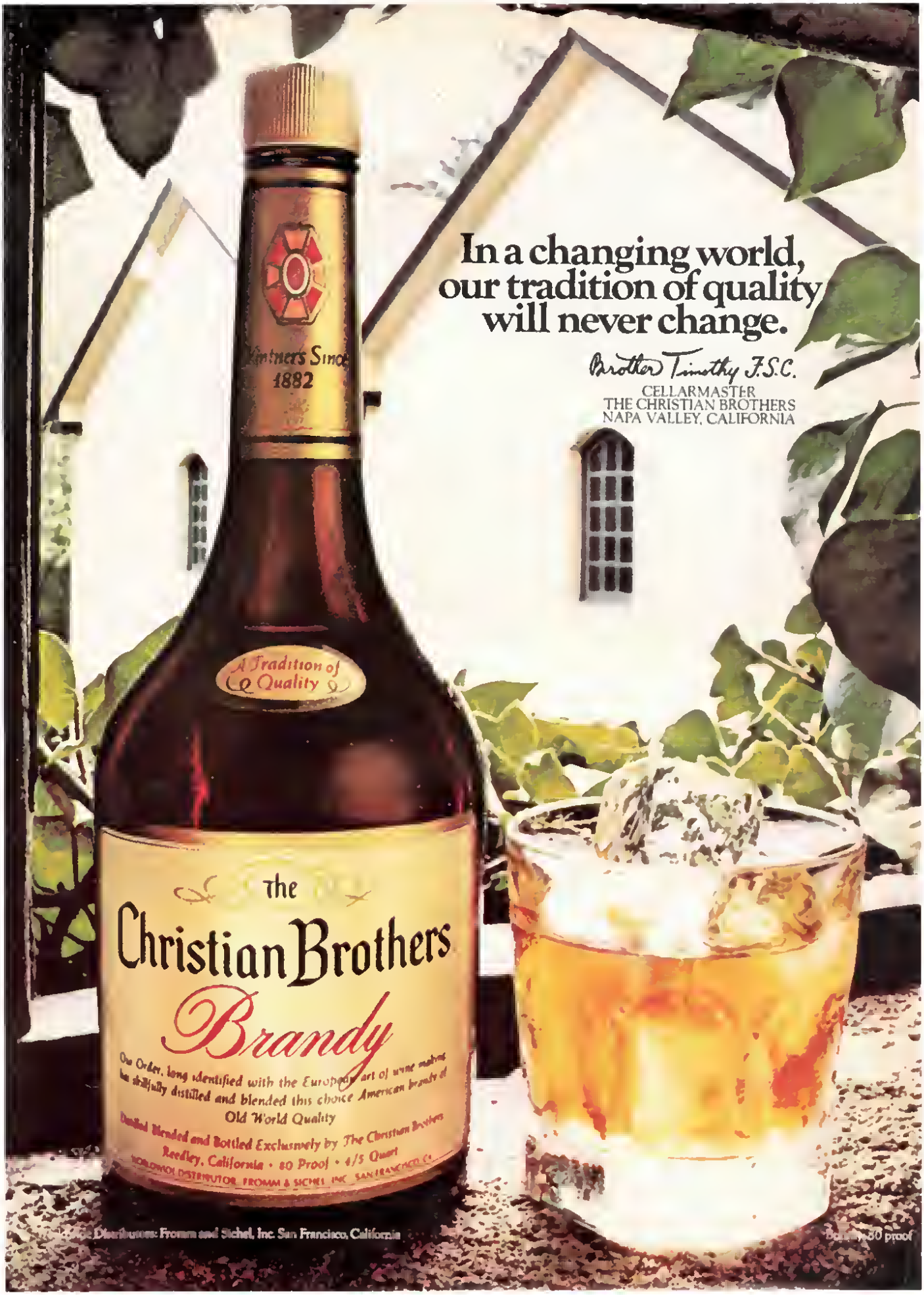
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Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

ECONOMIC SPORTS

Two areas of the economy where the recession has had surprisingly little effect are boating and tennis. According to figures released by their industry associations, they have had remarkable years.

Tennis, of course, has been in a swinging boom for the past several years. Recently Pollster Louis Harris reported a dramatic rise in the number of people who "followed" the game. The National Sporting Goods Association has figures to show the rise may be even sharper among the people who play it. Equipment manufacturers say they probably will gross more than $366 million this year, a 30% increase over 1973. About $225 million worth of rackets and balls will be sold.

More surprising, perhaps, are the boating figures. Despite the fuel scare, the '73-'74 model year ended Aug. 31 with sales just 3% off last year's record $2 billion-plus. Powerboats were down only slightly, but sailboats, up to 135,000 sales from 120,000, canoes (76,000 vs. 68,000) and rowboats (155,000 vs. 145,000) took up a lot of the slack. People seem determined to spend this recession out of doors.

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

"We got a few too many louts this year," said co-organizer Lew Cady nervously, "Some people seem to think this is a grossness contest instead of serious competition."

It is hard to see why. One woman judge of the *Fourth*—and hopefully last—Annual Spittin', Belchin' and Cussin' Triathlon in Central City, Colo. was hit by a half-full can of beer, several contestants violated the no-moon rule with graceless full flashes, Earl (The Squirrel) Wonning unleashed a near-record-breaking expectoration of 33'3" and Chris Gossett, overall winner, knocked them dead in the belchin' competition.

"This is a beer-drinking town, and we know belches," explained Gladys Johnson of Johnson's Smorgasbord and Gold Coin Bar, as though she had to. Gossett's "Wounded Whale" was acclaimed a triumph, eclipsing a "Drunken Buffalo" and a "Roaring Platypus."

Probably the one decent idea of the evening at the Belvedere Theatre was Gossett's prize in the cussin' contest. For a somewhat irreverent soliloquy by a salacious Santa Claus puppet he won a case of Ivory soap—to wash his mouth out.

Come to think of it, Lew, the louts have something there.

HISTORY LESSON

Harvard spent a good part of the last century proving it was the oldest college in the country, antedating William and Mary. It won the battle and now is launched on a new campaign to convince the country that it and McGill, not Princeton and Rutgers, played the first football game. There is merit in the argument, according to football historian Tim Cohane, a Fordham man.

Those first Princeton-Rutgers affairs were *really* soccer, Cohane writes in the Harvard *Football News*. A league that included Yale and Columbia as well as the New Jersey schools was formed in the fall of 1873, thus giving the NCAA its peg for the centenary it celebrated last season. But that was soccer, too, and Harvard would have none of it. The Crimson favored "Boston football," pioneered by local schoolboys, which featured the kicking of soccer but also permitted players to run with the ball, as in rugby. On May 14 1874 Harvard played a game of Boston football against McGill University of Montreal at Jarvis Field in Cambridge. Harvard won three goals to none.

The next day the two teams played to a scoreless tie, but the game was Canadian rugby, which the Harvards and McGills agreed was a better game than Boston football. Canadian rules permitted touchdowns as well as conversions and field goals and, with fairly extensive refinements, are the basis of today's game.

Cohane claims a lot of other firsts for Harvard: victim of the first upset (1876, to Yale), first to introduce the kicking game, spring drills and tackling dummy, first player listed as All-America (James Cumnock, 1889); first to appoint coaches and a team physician, first halftime locker room, first black All-America (Bill Lewis, 1893). To commemorate all this the Crimson has adopted an insignia for the season that features a large H surrounded by the legend: "1874-1974 – The Real Football Centennial." Fine, but whatever happened to McGill?

SHAGGY DOGLEG STORY

Bob Russell of Centerville, Ohio had taken up golf only a few weeks before and he was having a downer. He was going so bad, in fact, that he thought the explosion he heard when he took a practice swing on the 15th fairway at Kitty Hawk Golf Center was a cherry bomb dropped at his feet by one of the jokers



in his foursome. They're funny that way in Centerville.

Then the smoke cleared and he felt a burning sensation. He saw blood on his leg and his body went limp. "My God," he said, "I've been shot!" The others hit the dirt, suspecting a sniper. Crawling around, they finally discovered the truth. Russell's club—a two-iron, for purists—had detonated a live .22 caliber rifle cartridge hidden in the grass.

Damage to the leg, fortunately, was minimal. Russell is back on the links and figures that if he never improves at all he

continued

will always have this story to tell about the time he shot a hole-in-one-leg.

FRUIT OF LABOR NEGOTIATIONS

At least one good result emerged from the National Football League players strike—Cincinnati backup Quarterback Wayne Clark's announcement of the birth of his second child:

"Carol Clark crossed the picket line at Good Samaritan Hospital in Cincinnati and after 20 hours of unfair labor practices, all parties in the negotiations, including Wayne and Carol Clark, and the rookie free agent, Darin Hartley Clark, emerged from the closed-door session and announced that agreement had been finalized at 11:08 p.m. with no drugs involved.

"Issues resolved included a healthy reporting weight of 9 pounds, 15½ ounces (more than what was bargained for) and length of 20½ inches. Also, a compromise of the economic and freedom issues was reached when Darin was assured of free room and board plus per diem in return for the loss of Wayne's and Carol's freedom for the next 18-plus years.

"Brother Brian, a two-year veteran, announced later that the contract was guaranteed no-cut, no-trade, no-waiver. Pension and insurance benefits to be agreed on later."

SURE THING

Betting persons who take the home team on Monday night football claim it is the best deal since money was invented. Favored or not, the home team on the Howard-Frank-Don show last year beat the spread in all but one of the 13 games televised. The trend continues. Buffalo, a six-point underdog, beat Oakland in the opener and Dallas, favored by eight over Philadelphia, lost 13–10. If this keeps up, the bettors may never have to go back to working for a living.

DOUBLE JEOPARDY

The next time Bill Ainsworth of Southwestern Bell in Houston carries a "beep" softball through airport security, he is going to choose his words with a little greater care. Invented by a telephone company worker, the ball has a hollowed-out center that contains a tiny battery connected to a beeper. It enables the blind to play ball, but it is not the sort of plaything that is going to win any awards from edgy guards.

"This ball contains an electronic device," Ainsworth said. A cop put his hand on his pistol. "It produces a beeping sound when this pin is pulled." Dark, grim glances.

At last, one brave checker pulled the pin. Guards raced over at the tone of the beep. After he got everybody calmed down, Ainsworth strolled through the checkpoint, ball in hand—and the metal detector alarm went off. Keys and change in Ainsworth's pocket. Well, can't win 'em all.

MADE IN HEAVEN?

Love still conquers all but sometimes the arrangements are difficult, as San Francisco's John Vick discovered last month in planning the marriage of his daughter, Lisa Jon-Marie, to Wayne Luty. Vick, who re-creates the horse racing results from Bay Meadows Race Track for KXRX Radio, planned to have the wedding reception at the track's clubhouse. The racing schedule precluded a date from Tuesday through Saturday, but that was only the beginning of the troubles.

Lisa's godfather is Charlie Silvera, the former Yankee catcher who is now a coach with the Texas Rangers, so the wedding had to occur on a day the Rangers would be in town against the A's. Soloist for the wedding was Jeff Carter, who sings the national anthem at all the Giant home games at Candlestick Park, and Papa Vick also announces Raider games at Oakland Coliseum. Their schedules had to be taken into account.

On Sunday, Sept. 8, all the signs were right. The track was closed, the A's were hosting the Rangers in the afternoon, the Raiders had played the Jets on Saturday and the Giants were on the road. The wedding came off just 30 minutes after the Rangers got through beating the A's.

RULE OF THE ROAD

Baseball and, specifically, the Pittsburgh Pirates needlessly find themselves in an untenable position. For taking his wife on three road trips this summer against club rules, Pitcher Jerry Reuss was fined a reported $600. Reuss filed a grievance, demanding an apology and a refund. He probably will get at least the refund. It is hard to imagine any deliberative body these days deciding for employers who would regulate employees' private lives, in particular the lives of their spouses.

The Pittsburgh management, like most others in organized ball, considers accompanying wives disruptive influences, but rather than dictate to Reuss, the Pirates might better have pointed out to him what happened when his wife was along on the trips. He was knocked out early in two games and lost a third. The one game he won was hard to lose. The Pirates jumped off to a 14–1 lead. In baseball, players talking contract always discover, statistics speak louder than words.

PLAY NOW, FLY LATER

Pinehurst, The Dunes, Firestone, Pebble Beach, Thunderbird. . . . Last week 21 pro-am teams played all these courses in one tournament—and never left home. It was the Inaugural Pepsi-Cola Indoor Golf Classic at Norm Schaut's Golf-O-Rama in Bedford Hills, N.Y.

Golf-O-Rama uses a teaching device that has appeared in several parts of the country and likely will become the game's next fad. The golfer plays the entire course by hitting his ball at photographs projected onto a screen. A computer measures his yardage, flashes the figure onto the screen and shows with a little golf-ball scanner where his ball landed before the slide changes for the next shot. Many of those who played in last week's tournament played all winter in once-a-week leagues and have found their handicaps dropping, sometimes dramatically. They believe that indoor golf takes away the variables of weather and forces the golfer to concentrate on the ball.

Spirits and competition were high at the Golf-O-Rama last week. One frustrated contestant tossed his wedge, but on the whole some very good golf was played. As one pro said, "Pebble Beach's par-3 17th was just as tough indoors as out. I bogeyed it at Pebble Beach and I bogeyed it here." But this time without having to wade through a foot of water.

THEY SAID IT

- Danny Murtaugh, Pittsburgh Pirate manager: "Why, certainly I'd like to have a fellow who hits a home run every time at bat, who strikes out every opposing batter when he's pitching and who is always thinking about two innings ahead. The only trouble is to get him to put down his cup of beer, come down out of the stands and do those things."
- Marty Howe, on his father and teammate Gordie Howe: "He's built like no one else in the world. His arms start at his ears."

END

LATE CITY ★★★★ EDITION

The Daily Newspaper

ALL THE ★★★ NEWS

VOLUME 506, No. 27— WEATHER: Sunny, Breezy, Cooler.

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G.M., Ford, Chrysler Hike Prices.



DETROIT—To keep up with recent rises in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and options.

This is GM's seventh price rise since the end of the '73 model year. Increases have included not only the basic vehicle but extra standard equip- ...ipment and destination charge...

Ford and Chrysler, hiking their prices a total average of $584 and $458 respectively

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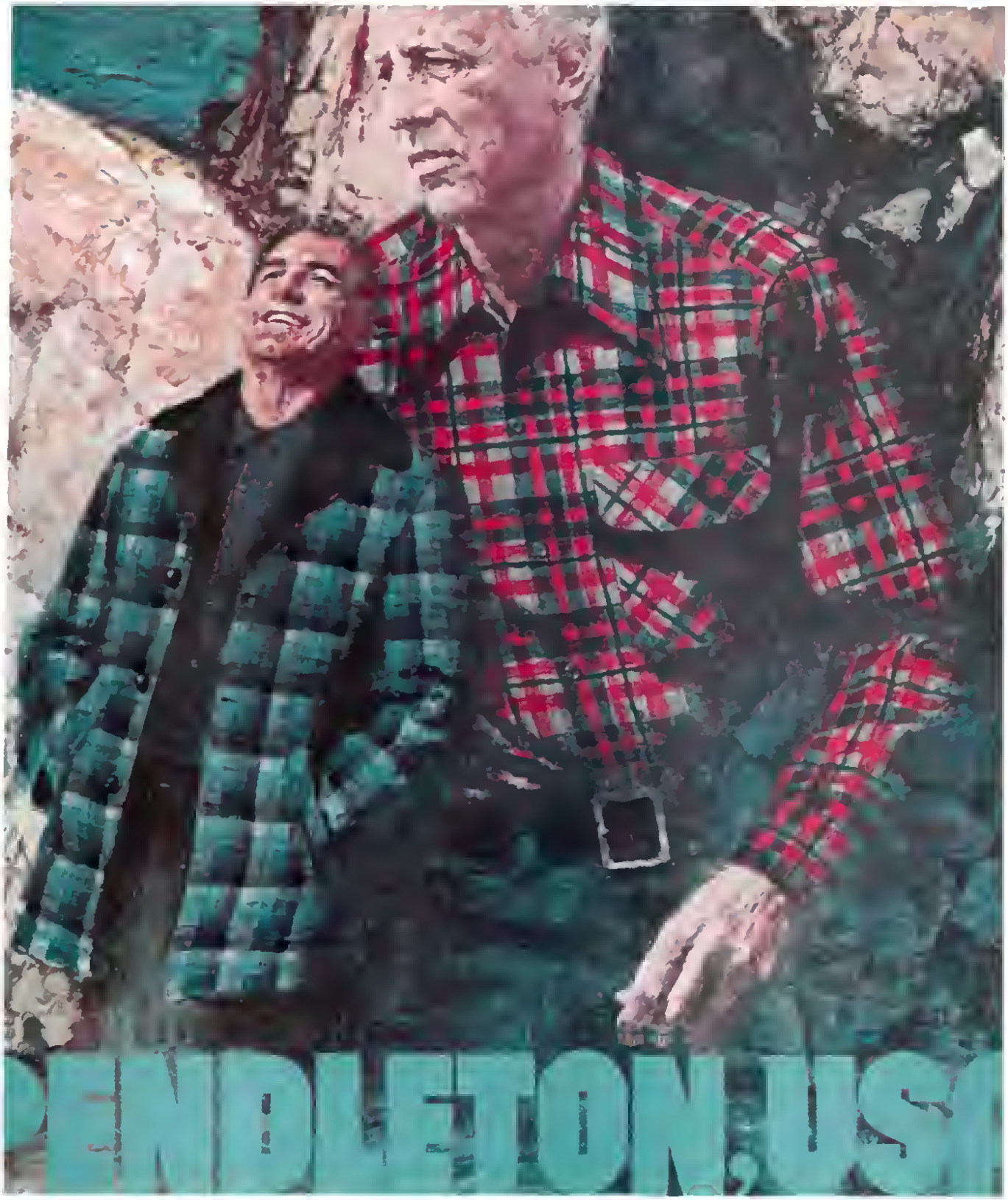
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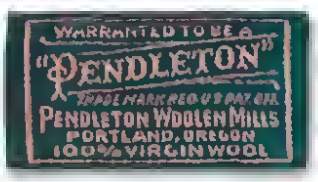
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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 7, 1974

TILTING TO THE WEST



Alston has a new wrinkle: balance.

As the two leagues approached the playoffs, the Coast teams were likely favorites to appear in a series of, by and for California

by RON FIMRITE

There will be stiff resistance from the Eastern elements, as there generally is, but this could be the year that baseball experiences the continental tilt, when the World Series will become merely an intramural exercise between teams of Californians. The game's defending champions are the inimitable Oakland A's, and the biggest obstacle in the way of a third straight Series win would seem to lie only 400-some-odd miles to the south, in Los Angeles. A sort of commuter-airline Series was a distinct possibility as the two Western stalwarts peered ahead last weekend to the league playoffs beginning this Saturday.

Neither team finished its season impressively. The A's backed into the American League West title, losing to the White Sox on the evening the tenacious Texas Rangers mathematically eliminated themselves by losing to Kansas City. And the Dodgers required the services of their season-long whipping boys, the San Diego Padres, whom they defeated Saturday night for the 16th time in 18 meetings, to clinch at least a tie for their division championship. Neither team was annihilating the opposition in the last days of the long season, but the demolition potential nonetheless exists. The major concern for the Westerners in the playoffs was that they would be confronting Eastern Division champions sharpened at the finish by far keener competition.

Triple-three! men all. A's Owner Finley is the centerpiece and clockwise from upper left are Fingers, Rudi, Blue, Tenace, Campaneris, Hunter, Captain Bando, Jackson.

The A's, at least, should be equal to the challenge. They have not seemed quite as fundamentally sound, quite as alert under their God-fearing new manager, Alvin Dark, as they were in the two previous championship seasons, but they are well-fortified and, as always, sardonically entertaining. The A's deplore their Mephistophelean owner, Charles O. Finley, their drafty and mostly uninhabited ball park, their sanctimonious manager and, on occasion, even each other. But they win. Like true professionals, they set pettiness aside when they "step between the lines."

Actually, the A's are more outspoken than acerbic. Their public squabbles, even the celebrated altercation between Reggie Jackson and Bill North, can be interpreted as the manifestation of a contemporaneous fervor for uninhibited expression. Mostly they are jolly good fellows, amiable and droll, as exemplified by their captain and leading runs-batted-in producer, Sal Bando.

Asked last week which of the two contending Eastern Division teams he would prefer meeting in the American League championship series, Bando replied, "Baltimore is an experienced team, but the Yankees might come in with all that luck working for them. Frankly, I'd rather play a team of plain ballplayers than face somebody who's got an in with the Man up there."

The A's do well enough with the men they have down here. If their team batting average is not high—*it is* under .250—they must be the timeliest hitters in the game. Bando, for example, had only 119 hits through last week, but he had driven in 103 runs. Gene Tenace's batting average is under .220, but of his 102 hits 44 have been for extra bases. Four A's—Jackson, Joe Rudi, Bando and Tenace—have hit 20 or more home runs and three—Bando, Rudi and Jackson—have driven in more than 90 runs.

The A's are as swift as they are powerful. They have stolen more bases than the speedy Dodgers, North leading the

continued

American League with 54. Campy Campaneris, a terror in last year's World Series, has stolen 34, and Jackson, despite his usual succession of muscle pulls, has 25. Oakland also has on hand—or foot—the former world-class sprinter, Herb Washington, possessor of the most unusual statistics in baseball history. Washington, whose chores are confined to pinch running, has appeared in 90 games, been at bat not at all, scored 29 runs and stolen 28 bases in 43 attempts. When he enters a game it is for the sole purpose of stealing second base and subsequently scoring from there. That he succeeds as often as he does is a tribute to his speed and his willingness to learn at least this aspect of a game with which he had scant familiarity. Washington is a Finley creation and, like so many of that great experimenter's schemes, he seems to be working out.

Herb is only one of the A's Washingtons. The other, Outfielder Claudell, though only 20, is a somewhat more complete player. Brought up from the minors in midseason, Washington has hit over .280 much of the time and looks to be a future star. His first major league hit was a triple off Gaylord Perry, whose formidable reputation impressed him not in the least. Washington did not play baseball or much of anything else in nearby Berkeley High School, but his confidence is exceeded only by his inexperience.

Steve Garvey fields first fine, hits a ton.



With the return of Catcher Ray Fosse, who injured his neck intervening in the Jackson-North imbroglio, the A's are secure at every defensive position and better off than that in some. Rudi is generally considered to be the best defensive leftfielder in the league, perhaps in the game, and the virtually unregarded Dick Green is among the finest second basemen. Jackson is an erratic but occasionally spectacular rightfielder, and Bando and Campaneris are superb in combination on the left side of the infield.

But in a short series, such as those in prospect in the A's immediate future, hitting and fielding are, as even Jackson concedes, "a poor second and third to pitching." And in pitching the A's have an advantage over all their prospective foes, even the Dodgers.

Foremost on a staff that compiled an overall earned run average of 2.96 is Jim (Catfish) Hunter, who won 25 games (against 12 losses) so expeditiously that scarcely anyone noticed. Hunter is not a strikeout man—he fanned only 139 batters in 315⅓ innings—but he is also not a bases-on-balls man, yielding only 46 walks. What Hunter does is pitch the ball over the plate and let somebody hit it, usually on the ground or straight up in the air. He has been described as "a pitcher's pitcher," a craftsman who throws the ball only where he intends it to go. He has won 106 games in the last five years.

"There's nothing mysterious about him," says Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver, a grudging admirer. "He's got his pitches and he just throws them over the plate and keeps challenging the hitters."

Because he walks hardly anyone, never wastes a pitch and rarely falls behind a hitter, the games Hunter pitches seldom last much longer than two hours. He works with efficiency and dispatch, if little flair, and he wins and wins. The other A's starters are Ken Holtzman (19-16) and Vida Blue (17-15). They have estimable bullpen support from the right-handed Rollie Fingers and the left-handed Paul Lindblad.

The Yankees could not hope to challenge such talent without assistance from the Almighty. But playing under Bill Virdon, the manager who was an embarrassingly well-publicized second choice to former A's boss Dick Williams, and in an alien ball park, Shea Stadium, they must have been liked by Somebody Up



Davey Lopes can err at second, but is swift.

There to have come as far as they did.

The Yankee situation was further muddied by an equally embarrassing and well-publicized position shift that sent Bobby Murcer, the heir to DiMaggio and Mantle, from center field to right. Murcer, grumbling all the way to his new post, nevertheless set about leading the league's outfielders in assists with 20, and his center-field successor, Elliott Maddox, was among the league's top 10 hitters. Murcer has hit .274 and driven in 87 runs despite a virtually powerless season at the plate. After averaging more than 25 homers in his previous five seasons as a regular, Murcer hit only 10 this year. And scarcely anyone else filled the power vacancy, although Lou Piniella reemerged as a .300 hitter after a .250 year at Kansas City.

The Yankees did benefit from good pitching by medical student George (Doc) Medich (19-14), former Oriole Pat Dobson (18-15) and, occasionally, from Rudy May (7-5), Larry Gura (5-1) and the renowned reliever, Sparky Lyle (9-3). But their catcher, Thurman Munson, had 22 errors, a statistic to gladden the likes of North, Campaneris and the Washingtons.

Despite Sal Bando's concern, Baltimore was much more feared by the A's, primarily because, as North has observed, "They're more like us." The Orioles can run and field and even hit a little bit. And they can pitch, particularly since Jim Palmer recuperated from an elbow injury that kept him on the disabled

list for 54 days and Dave McNally recovered from whatever was ailing him.

Palmer and McNally, both of whom enjoyed four successive 20-game seasons in the past, seemed useless at the start of the year. McNally was only 8-8 by July 25, but he has won eight of 10 since then, with eight complete games and three shutouts. Palmer went 4-4 after emerging from oblivion and was impressive in the late-season rush. Junk-pitch practitioner Mike Cuellar (22-10) had his fourth 20-game season, and fireballing Ross Grimsley, obtained in a trade with Cincinnati, won 18 and lost 13, Grimsley, like Cuellar a lefthander, also had a perfect record (3-0) against Oakland this year.

Weaver still favors platooning his catchers, outfielders and first basemen, but he leaves well enough alone at second, third and shortstop, where Bobby Grich, Brooks Robinson and Mark Belanger had capital seasons. The Orioles extended the A's to five games in the playoffs last year and beat them three years ago. All things considered, the A's preferred the Yankees.

"If we have any weakness," says Dodger Manager Walter Alston, "it's on defense. Our strength is that we are well-balanced."

A semanticist might detect a contradiction there, though none really exists. The Dodgers are not particularly adept fielders. Shortstop Bill Russell committed 39 errors and Second Baseman Davey Lopes had 24, while Centerfielder Jim Wynn had a bum throwing arm most of the season. But Los Angeles pitching and a rare talent for the spectacular afield compensated handsomely for the odd boo-boo in an otherwise impeccable 100-win season.

There can be no faulting the Dodger offense, even if it tailed off slightly at the end. Like their neighbors to the north, the Dodgers are loaded with clutch hitters. First Baseman Steve Garvey, who describes his season as "full of plusses," was leading the team as of Sunday with 110 RBIs, Wynn had 108 and Ron Cey 97. These three, plus Lopes, also scored 85 to 105 runs.

All Los Angeles Dodgers teams have been running teams. Lopes had 57 steals and Leftfielder Bill Buckner, a reckless player of the Pete Rose persuasion, had 31. Garvey and Buckner were among the league's top hitters. The Dodgers simply are hard to hold off.

The loss of a quality pitcher like Tommy John, who was 13-3 before he injured his elbow in midseason, might have crippled a less resourceful team, but the Dodgers found John's absence merely inconvenient. With him they might have won 110 games. Don Sutton, curiously ineffective earlier in the season, has come on to win 18 while losing nine. And Andy Messersmith became the National League's first 20-game winner when he defeated San Diego last Saturday night. He had lost only six. The third starter—and three will do in the playoffs and World Series—is the promising Doug Rau (13-10).

In support of these dependables is the ubiquitous Mike Marshall, who can only be regarded as unbelievable. Marshall, the off-season physiologist, set relief records for appearances (105), consecutive games pitched (13), innings pitched (206⅓) and games finished (83) through last week. Only Marshall himself appears capable of surpassing such extraordinary achievements. If he is not fatigued he could be devastating in postseason play.

Although they are a comparatively inexperienced team—Garvey, Cey and Lopes played only their second complete major league seasons as regulars—the Dodgers showed considerable poise under almost continuous attack from the high-powered Cincinnati Reds. The A's boast of the incalculable value of playoff and Series experience, but Alston dismisses such talk as cant. "Writers write more about pressure," he says, "than players feel it." Garvey, hardly the flippant type, joshes, "We have a date with destiny, as they say. An appointment in the fall classic."

Those who hoped to cancel that appointment were the St. Louis Cardinals and the Pittsburgh Pirates, furious antagonists to the very end. While the A's had much in common with the Orioles and the Dodgers, the Cardinals and the Pirates were entirely dissimilar.

The Cardinals had only average starting pitchers but excellent relievers. The Pirates had surprisingly effective starters, but their bullpen, even with the esteemed Dave Giusti, was undependable. The Cardinal offense consisted primarily of getting Lou Brock on base, having Ted Sizemore wait out enough pitches for Brock to steal, then having Reggie Smith, Ted Simmons or Joe Torre drive him home. The Pirate offense consisted of having Rennie Stennett, Manny Sanguillen, Al Oliver, Willie Stargell, Richie Zisk and Richie Hebner pound the stuffing out of the ball.

The Pirates were plainly the best-hitting team in baseball, and they swung at everything thrown in their direction, eschewing the base on balls as the coward's way to first base. Only Stargell accepted walks, and many of his were intentional, a tribute to his home-run power. The A's as a team walked nearly 60 times more than the Pirates this season.

Pittsburgh lost Pitcher Dock Ellis to a broken hand last month, but in his stead the team had such capable starters as Jerry Reuss, Jim Rooker, Ken Brett and Bruce Kison. The Cardinals had to make do with Lynn McGlothen, the elderly Bob Gibson, rookie Bob Forsch and the inconsistent lefty, John Curtis. In relief, however, they had the triumvirate of Al Hrabosky, Mike Garman and Rich Folkers, whose combined won-lost record was 21-5.

Unexpected heroes, surprising performances, even upsets can emerge from such a mélange as this. The Eastern teams, freshly exhilarated from divisional combat, could overcome what appears to be superior talent. And Lord knows, they will be ready.

But chances are the full madness will be confined to the frenzied shore of California. That, one supposes, represents progress. **END**

Andy Messersmith leads the mound corps.





TWO ANTHONYS STAGE A RUN-IN

For connoisseurs of the hipper-dipper, the zigzag and the shoulder feint, Mr. Davis of USC outdistanced Mr. Dorsett of Pitt 149 yards to 59, but much of the credit for the Trojans' 16–7 win belonged to his cohorts **by JOE JARES**

It was billed as AD versus TD. Tailback Anthony Davis of USC and Tailback Tony Dorsett of the University of Pittsburgh, meeting last Saturday on the bright green AstroTurf of 50-year-old Pitt Stadium. The fantastic AD, who scored six touchdowns against Notre Dame as a sophomore, who ran a kickoff 106 yards for a score against Arkansas, who could dart around the drops in a severe rainstorm and never get damp. And the fabulous TD, who made All-America as a freshman, who gained 209 yards against Notre Dame, who could dodge between the bullets on a machine-gun practice range. It would have been an even jazzier promotion except that the NCAA cracked down at the last minute and insisted that USC and Pitt also suit up all those dull tackles, fullbacks and linebackers and have a regular football game.

Davis and Dorsett were never on the field at the same time, but it was an entertaining afternoon anyway. Like Astaire and Kelly taking turns dancing on a crowded stage, both showed flashes of genius before being caught up in various melees. The final score was: Davis, 149 yards; Dorsett, 59. And about that little matter of the football game occurring simultaneously, USC won 16–7.

Of course, Davis vs. Dorsett was just as much a contest between their supporting casts up front, and USC's line (and depth and defense) was better. Davis' complete running record was 149 yards in 33 carries for a 4.5 average and a touchdown. His longest single run was 16 yards. He had the additional satisfaction—and frustration—of watching the prudent Panthers keep the ball as far away from him as possible the two times they kicked off. Dorsett, who did not return punts or kickoffs, had never been held to as few as 59 yards. He made them on 15 carries for a 3.9 average. His longest gain was 23 yards. Not only did he have a weaker offensive line blocking for him, but his team was on defense for 44 minutes.

Almost lost in the statistical shuffle was Allen Carter, Davis' senior classmate and backup tailback, who averaged 7.3 yards

Gliding into the Pittsburgh secondary, Davis makes the kind of gain that won him the day.

a carry, better than either of the two stars. Carter comes from Bonita High, the same California school that produced Army's Mr. Outside, Glenn Davis. USC Coach John McKay thinks Carter is the best high school runner he ever saw, but his college career has been hampered by a series of maladies—two pulled hamstring muscles, a deep charley horse, a sprained toe and a groin pull—not to mention the presence of Davis.

Still, this particular weekend belonged to the two tailbacks who like to be called by their initials. The hoopla in Pittsburgh was wonderful, competing nicely with that engendered by the Pirates, involved in a pennant race, and the Steelers. Everybody seemed to be talking about AD and TD, Mr. Touchdown West and Mr. Touchdown East. The fact that Davis and Dorsett had met in Chicago at a preseason All-America promotion took on all the significance of another Yalta Conference. They were regularly quizzed on what had passed between them.

"I heard I was Tony's idol, and I could see it in his eyes when I walked into that hotel," said Davis. "He asked for a lot of advice on running and how you gain weight and stuff like that."

"I mentioned that I was putting on some weight for this season," said Dorsett, "and Davis asked me if I was sure I wanted to do it. He said he put some weight on last season and it slowed him down."

Part of the pregame fun was to dissect the two runners' styles or listen with rapt attention to someone who had. For a man lucky enough to have a ticket in his pocket, comparing AD and TD made the anticipation of the game even more delicious, like an automobile buff with $20,000 to spend considering the merits of a Rolls-Royce and a Mercedes. Pitt Offensive Backfield Coach Harry Jones, once the Philadelphia Eagles' top draft choice (out of Arkansas), seemed to have examined the pair movie frame by movie frame, wearing out the film the way an opera fan might wear out his old Caruso records.

"Pitt and USC are pretty similar in offenses, so it is relatively easy to compare the two runners," said Jones. "USC runs the same plays—dives, sweeps, the isolation play, counters and the spring draw—that they made famous with Mike Garrett and O. J. Simpson. Davis is more of a choppy runner, more power. He's an inch or two shorter than Dorsett, but he's also 10 to 15 pounds heavier. This physical difference emphasizes Davis' jitterbug style. He's definitely a stronger runner. But Dorsett is as fluid and smooth as anybody I've ever seen on a football field. He's so smooth that it doesn't look like he's even running. He's gliding.

"I'd say Dorsett has the quicker feet. It may not seem that way, and perhaps you couldn't tell who was quicker until you timed them in the 40. But Dorsett, to me, looks lighter on his feet."

TD has run the 40-yard dash in 4.4. AD was timed in 4.5 in his freshman year but has not had an official clocking since. "I could be faster, who knows?" he said. "The guy chasing me on the kickoff return in Arkansas was a 9.5 man and I pulled away from him."

"Both of them run the way you'd like to teach your kids to run," said Jones. "They both do things you'd want your running backs to do. Of course they say running's natural, and in their cases I guess it is. Whoever coaches these backs doesn't have to say much to them."

Talking about them is another matter. Pitt Head Coach Johnny Majors, once an All-America runner him- *continued*

Dorsett was rarely as ignored by the Trojans as he was on this effort. He carried only 15 times, once for 23 yards, the game's longest run.



self at Tennessee, entertained the Los Angeles and Pittsburgh reporters Friday night in a restaurant on a hill high above the city lights. If TD had been there, Majors might have slapped him on the fender and invited one of the guests to kick his tires Gently.

"Dorsett accelerates faster than anyone I've ever seen," said the coach. "Faster than Greg Pruitt or Johnny Rodgers."

Majors is a good coach and good recruiter, in only his second year of rebuilding the sport at Pitt, and Dorsett is not only his best weapon on the field but the best peg on which to hang a sales talk. Syracuse had Jim Brown, Ernie Davis, Floyd Little, Jim Nance and Larry Csonka. USC had Jon Arnett, Mike Garrett, O. J. Simpson and now has Davis. Majors hopes Dorsett can win the Heisman Trophy and be only the first of a long line of All-America runners at Pitt. He figures the state has enough room, and talent, for him and Penn State's Joe Paterno, although he is not sure how Paterno feels about that.

McKay has not been known to keep quiet about the fact that he has a nimble runner, but he was somewhat subdued in talking about Davis before the game. He was more concerned with his offensive line. Injuries and inconsistencies have forced him to move people around; 268-pound Bill Bain has played at three positions already this season. The group's performance in USC's opening loss to Arkansas had McKay in a snit.

"Our offensive line is a bunch of real nice people," he said sarcastically. "Davis is fine. Davis is going to play real well if we will just block for him."

Davis and Dorsett took all this calmly. Dressed in a bright-yellow jump suit on the charter flight to Pittsburgh, Davis made a brilliant broken-field run down a crowded aisle to grab some chocolate-chip cookies from a stewardess. Dorsett, when told that the confrontation of the ages was coming up on Saturday, did not change expression as he said, "Well, you could call it that if you like." After a little urging, he said, "And you tell AD that Pitt is waiting for him and so am I. I want to show him what I can do and I hope it will be enough."

It was not. But when he glided up the middle for 23 yards on the last play of the first quarter, he brought his career total to 1,964 yards, good enough to surpass by seven Marshall Goldberg's Pitt career record set 36 years ago. The Panthers scored on a Bill Daniels to Karl Farmer pass soon after to take a 7–3 lead. At that point it seemed entirely possible that Pitt might win its third straight game and send USC home with an 0-2 record, something that has not occurred since McKay has had white hair.

Not much good happened to the Panthers after that. They stopped USC drives at their 15 and 14 to keep the lead at the half, and Trojan Quarterback Pat Haden suffered a mild concussion and had to leave the game. But from the third quarter on Pitt just seemed to be valiantly trying to hold off the inevitable, helped by three fumbles by Haden's substitute, Vince Evans, one of them as he hurtled into the end zone. Between long, time-consuming USC drives, Pitt usually would struggle for three downs and punt, forcing the Panther defenders to drag their tongues back on the field again.

Finally in the fourth quarter USC managed to hang on to the ball and,with Davis in charge, moved for a touchdown. Carrying on more or less every other play, Davis went five, three, two and, consecutively, from the Pittsburgh 13, seven, four and two. The six points gave him 216 for his career, a Trojan record shared by Simpson and Mort Kaer and, more important, it gave USC the lead.

Now it was Dorsett's turn to get it back, but he never really had a chance. Quarterback Daniels fumbled and even though Evans fumbled right back to Pitt on the next play, Daniels chose to try a long pass on first down, which USC intercepted at its own 22. Now, while Dorsett watched helplessly from the sideline, Davis and Carter alternated carries—hammer, hammer, hammer—and when they got it close, Evans, a sophomore JC transfer, scored on a roll-out for the final touchdown.

"We did what the coaches wanted us to do, wear 'em down," said USC Offensive Tackle Steve Knutson.

"At times we dominated the line of scrimmage," said McKay, "and that made it tough for Tony to run. We were afraid of him right to the end."

For Dorsett there was some consolation, other than the fact that he has perhaps 33 more college games in which to show his skills. The ball he was carrying when he broke Goldberg's record was taken out of the game so it could be given to him later. It was a Wilson TD model.

IT'S :00, ARA, TIME TO SAY GOODBY

by RAY KENNEDY

As someone well versed in the vagaries of college football once said, a cliché is a cliché is a cliché. It was not Ara Raoul Parseghian, a coach who can dish out the hackneyed lines as fearlessly as the next man. But last week his Fighting Irish provided a jolting reminder that the reason one hears all those trite locker-room sayings each spring is because they have a persistent way of proving true every fall. In fact, as the leader of the defending national champions, Ara has all along been predictably saying, if not wholly believing, "It is far more difficult staying on top than it is getting there."

That is what Notre Dame seemed bent on proving when it went out last Saturday and got itself upset by Purdue 31–20. More startling still, the Boilermakers managed their miracle by apparently trying to disprove another cherished cliché: A game is never over until the final gun. Thirty-point underdogs at best, Purdue exploded for 24 points faster than it takes a Notre Dame lineman to whip out the statistics showing that the Irish were the second-best defensive team in the nation last season.

The Boilermakers' 24 points were in fact the most any team has ever scored on an Irish team in the first quarter. And, as Ara himself might have said, that was all she wrote.

For the benefit of the stunned fans in Notre Dame stadium who couldn't believe their eyes, this is what happened in that rapid-fire quarter:

On the second play Notre Dame's Al Samuel bobbled a pitchout that was recovered by Purdue End Rich Oliver on the Irish 32. Then the Boilermakers' Mike Terrizzi, playing with a severely strained shoulder, passed to Olympic sprinter Larry Burton for 23 yards. On fourth and one, Terrizzi scored around end. Purdue 7, Notre Dame 0. Time elapsed: 3 minutes, 16 seconds.

Stopped on their 21, the Irish punted



and three plays later Purdue's Pete Gross, the leading rusher for the day, slanted off left tackle and raced 52 yards all but unmolested. Purdue 14, Notre Dame 0. Time elapsed: 6:57.

After Tackle Ken Novak, a 6′7″, 274-pound behemoth who tossed Irish runners around like rag dolls all afternoon, dropped Samuel for a four-yard loss, Quarterback Tom Clements tried to get Notre Dame moving with a dangerous pass into the flat. Linebacker Bob Mannella picked it off on the run and went 21 yards for another Boilermaker touchdown. Purdue 21, Notre Dame 0. Time elapsed: 7:38.

The Irish slowed the frantic proceedings long enough to register a first down on a pass-interference call before once again being forced to punt. But then, led by Running Back Scott Dierking, the Boilermakers shifted to a power drive that culminated in a 47-yard field goal by Pete Schmidt. Score: Purdue 24, Notre Dame 0. Time elapsed: 12:47.

Historic first quarters are hard to recover from, but Notre Dame tried as Clements, zeroing in on his favorite receiver, Pete Demmerle, led the Irish on an 80-yard scoring march early in the second quarter. The touchdown made the score 24–7, and so it remained until halftime as a portentous rain soaked both the large home crowd and the new 1973 national championship flag that had been hoisted to much raucous acclaim in the sunny pregame ceremonies.

The gloom lifted a bit in the third quarter when, following a 15-yard crash up the middle, Notre Dame's Wayne Bullock scored on a plunge to pull the Irish to within 10 points. Terrizzi, forced to leave the game in the second quarter because of his injured shoulder, stood ready to return if an emergency arose. But none ever did as replacement Mark Vitali, a sophomore appearing in his first college game, rose to the moment by connecting on a pair of key passes early in the fourth quarter that set up another Purdue touchdown.

Clements, whose 22 completions in 37 attempts were good for 264 yards, hit Demmerle on a long scoring toss in the waning minutes but it was not enough to offset three interceptions. Or as a woebegone Parseghian put it, "We played one too many bad first halves and it cost us the game."

The upset ended Notre Dame's winning streak, the longest in college football, at 13, and started Purdue's, the headiest, at one. Coach Alex Agase, noting that his team lost to Wisconsin 28–14 and tied Miami (Ohio) 7–7 so far this season, said, "We not only had to play to win today, we had to play to win some respect."

Not bad as clichés go, but his later remark in the crowded Purdue locker room was better. "This may seem small to you guys," Agase told reporters, "but it seems like a palace to me." Of Tom Clements, the Heisman hopeful, he said, "He's such a super player, he's so dangerous that he can break open a game at any time."

The fact that he didn't only heightened the sense of déjà vu for Notre Dame followers. In 1950, 1954 and 1967, for instance, it was the Spoilermakers who ended undefeated streaks of 39, 13 and 12 respectively with upset victories over the Irish.

All of which reminds Ara Parseghian of another of his favorite sayings that he is certain to impress on his youthful charges in the weeks to come: "Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents that which under prosperous conditions may have remained dormant." **END**





Agase seems overcome by the win; Perseghian suffers as his team loses to Purdue.

COOL HAND LUKE MEETS LUIGI

Paul Newman and a cast of thousands—well, dozens—ride out to capture the records. Lights! Action! But no cameras, please **by BROCK YATES**

It is one of those basic Tuesday night bust-outs in Wendover. The crowd is clustered down at Bonnie and Brent's Hideaway on the other side of the Union Pacific tracks, between a trailer park and maybe 20 trillion square miles of the great dry Salt Lake of western Utah. The car-racer types are in town for another Bonneville Salt Flats record run and, by golly, ol' Brent is there, serving the weaving bodies at the bar, snapping open Coors cans like crazy. Yes, sir, cans are popping, feet are stomping, fat sirloins are crackling and flaming on the grill, Bo Diddley is yelling from somewhere inside the jukebox, and out in a dingy back room, pool balls are clicking.

But isn't that Paul Newman? *The* Paul Newman, bent over the table, lining up the 11-ball with those famous stainless-steel blue eyes, right here in Wendover? Of course it's Paul Newman, all-round thespian, medium-adequate pool player, Babe Ruth League chug-a-lug artist and not-too-shabby race driver right there in the back room of Bonnie and Brent's Hideaway. Newman is one of those racers who are going to jump into what the heavier prose stylists call a "blood red" Ferrari and shatter a batch of big-time international speed records on the world's fastest wasteland.

All this is a project of the North American Racing Team, a spin-off organization of Chinetti Motors, Ferrari's East Coast distributor. Luigi Chinetti Sr. won at Le Mans three times but has now turned over the competition end of the business to his son, Luigi Jr., known as "Coco" to his prop-jet-set friends. Because of his rapid, sideways-past-the-barn driving methods, Luigi Jr. was once uncharitably called "Loco Coco" by one or two of his competitors. It is Coco, a youthful 32-year-old, who has organized the NART effort at Bonneville. Using a pair of team cars, a 365GTB Daytona grand touring coupe and an aging, skateboard-high 512M prototype with several thousand miles in the racing wars, Coco hopes to set world and domestic records at distances from 10 kilometers to 5,000 miles and in time frames from one hour to 24 hours. Four pilots have been named: Chinetti, Newman, two-time world driving champion Graham Hill of Formula I fame and Milt Minter, a gentle, moon-faced man from Fresno who is one of the most underrated drivers in the country.

Cast in a supporting role, Grand Prix driver Graham Hill figured strongly in the last scene.

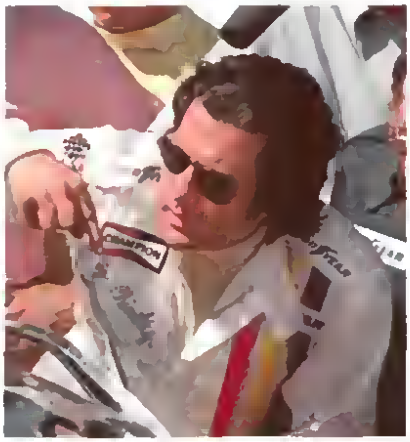


Going in, there is one nagging problem: whether or not the Ferraris will be fast enough to do the job. This possible deficiency is compounded by the team's rather relaxed, sometimes chaotic approach and its harried trio of European mechanics who have never seen an expanse of acreage larger than the Piazza San Marco in Venice.

Most of the speed records, ranging between 150 and 190 mph, are held by the late Ab Jenkins, a man whose exploits at Bonneville between 1933 and 1956 helped win him four years as mayor of Salt Lake City and get his famous "Mormon Meteor"—a finned, high-wheeled monster with a 750-hp aircraft engine—enshrined in the Utah state capitol. For years those records, some going back to 1936, have proved to be as indestructible as the Mormon faith that helped create them.

Many top race drivers have nibbled unsuccessfully at Ab's clockings, but now one optimistic observer of this newest attack has speculated that the two Ferraris just might have an edge in the land of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AL SATTERWHITE



Luigi Chinetti directed—but didn't produce.



Television was free to film the driving scenes, Newman said—as long as he wasn't in them.

the Latter-day Saints. "After all," he says brightly, "the angel who revealed the golden tablets to Mormon prophet Joseph Smith was named Moroni. Now, assuming that he was Italian. . . ."

Forget it. If there is any evidence of divine intervention, it is in behalf of Ab, not Coco. The cars are not happy sliding around the flat, 10-mile rectangular course laid out by the United States Auto Club. The 512M, the faster of the two Ferraris, is having trouble averaging 190 mph for a single lap, whereas back in 1950 Jenkins' Mormon Meteor chugged around Bonneville at that speed for a full hour. The Ferraris get cranky, choosing to run on a variety of cylinders between nine and 11, but not their full allotment of 12. Coco blows a rear tire on the 512M, shredding the bodywork and tearing up some of the engine's vital plumbing. A giant spike found on the course is believed to have been the culprit, causing Graham Hill to observe, in his best Mayfair drollery, that "no doubt it was left behind by the early settlers." (Actually it is a surveyor spike used in laying out the track.) But, most important, the star is displeased.

Newman, whose love of racing shows no trace of standard Hollywood ego-tripping, has come to Bonneville believing this will be a low-key gathering of a few kindred car nuts, a couple of days of high-speed relaxation in the middle of nowhere. Imagine his surprise when he is met by a full CBS television film crew, complete with a big-time director in a safari jacket with 14 pockets, a sound man and a Bell Jet Ranger helicopter. Now imagine CBS' surprise when Newman tells its film crew that it is welcome to train its Eclairs and Arriflexes and Nagra mikes on everything between Salt Lake City and Ely, Nevada—just as long as he doesn't appear on one frame of film.

Switchboards light up at network headquarters. Trouble in Utah. There is a horrible misunderstanding, says Luigi Chinetti, whose NART team has sold the television rights to CBS, obviously based on Newman's participation. We have this contract, says CBS. . . .

Not quite, says Newman. His agreement gives certain authorization for press coverage, but he feels it falls far short of providing for his featured appearance in a half-hour network television show. Money is not the issue. Despite the fact that it would take numbers equaling the gross national product of Costa Rica to hire this same Paul Newman for 30 minutes of network television, the problem is image, not dollars.

"Look at it this way," says Newman. "The whole thing about acting is showing your butt. You've got to be prepared to do that as an actor. But I'm not a professional driver and I don't pretend to be as good as Graham or Milt or Coco. Just racing around out here with them is fun. But doing it in front of a national television audience where I'm the slow guy—or maybe I'm the guy who breaks the car—that's showing my

continued

Converted from race car to record runner, a Ferrari 512M appeared in a sort of cameo role.





Rounding the salty curve in the closing shot, the 512M collapsed. The end. Cut to credits.

butt in a way I'm not prepared to do."

This statement is not without certain, cutting logic: hours earlier, Newman had lost the Daytona coupe in a wild, 170-mph spinout that had done no damage, but even now various Hollywood gossip columnists were hacking out florid fabrications about his supposed troubles at Bonneville, exactly the kind of exposure he is seeking to avoid.

Meanwhile, off-track, as they say in racing, the Hideaway becomes the scene of a ragged eight-ball match among a journalist and Newman and his racing buddy, Tom Chiccone, a stumpy, brash rug manufacturer from Providence, R.I. The game ends when Chiccone sets pool history by hitting the four-ball so hard that it leaps off the table and topples a can of Coors on the arm of a nearby chair. The trio retires to the bar, where Newman challenges all to a chug-a-lug contest.

After extensive preliminaries, the official judge, a young bartender cryptically described by one of the patrons as an "unemployed priest," completes the countdown and the beer glasses are lifted. In a particularly unseemly display of guzzling, Newman wins a narrow victory over the journalist, while Chiccone is disqualified for distributing the entire contents of his glass on his upper torso.

Enter a new character. Isn't that Warren Cowan, high-powered show-biz public-relations mogul, tugging at Newman's arm? What is an eminence like this doing in Wendover? He is trying to get Newman out of the Hideaway in the short term, although his major mission is to solve the filming issue with CBS; that's what Warren Cowan is doing in Wendover. Newman leaves the Hideaway amidst much hand-shaking and back-slapping from the regular patrons as Chiccone returns wearing a clean, dry shirt. "I am a crummy chug-a-lugger, so I always carry an extra shirt around," he says.

Next morning the desert sun is beginning to fry the Coors out of the little knot of people gathered around the scattered encampment of cars and semi-trucks in the middle of the monster flats. The salt, cracked and rippled by a dry summer, spreads away toward the distant horizon, giving those present the impression they are standing on top of a leviathan meringue pie. The Ferrari team is again fashionably late.

The CBS crew, a collection of poised pros, remains cool, awaiting developments. Here come the Ragu spaghetti people, one of the sponsors of the record run, and here comes Warren Cowan, crunching across the salt with his plump tummy elegantly draped in a yellow T shirt bearing the logo of Cutty Sark Scotch.

A new walk-on. That man with the Olympian profile and the burnished ivory hair, isn't that Ed Saxe, a retired president of CBS? It is, indeed, and the film crew reports he has arrived to assist in negotiating a settlement of the Newman television rights. Saxe, Warren Cowan and Newman huddle in a motor home. They emerge to announce that the star will provide a press conference for the clutch of newsmen present, which CBS may film, and a brief on-camera interview. It is hardly a half-hour monologue, but the film crew believes it can now patch together a show.

Newman is more worried about his driving than his television dealings. "I'm four seconds off the pace," he frets, and refuses to accept the solace that his performance is excellent, even when compared to his more experienced colleagues. "He expects too much," says Luigi. "We certainly don't feel *we* can play *Macbeth*. After Newman grouses to Graham Hill about his lack of speed, that old professional puts the issue into proper context by eyeing the famous amateur and saying, "Frankly, I'm bloody glad you're not going as fast as I am."

The Ferraris finally arrive, looking weary. Hill and Minter attempt some practice laps. They are going slower than the day before. Problems with fuel injection, brakes, aerodynamics, handling, ignition, etc. emphasize the fact that NART has come to Bonneville unprepared. Neither car seems fast enough to break any of the unlimited records, although several in Class C (for engines of three to five liters displacement) appear within reach. Chinetti leaps into the old Daytona and breaks the international unlimited record for 10 kilometers and the national C Class record for 10 miles. But the thought of driving the ill-handling beast for long periods rattles even the unflappable Minter. "If I had to run that thing for two hours, I wouldn't even know my own name when I stopped," he says.

continued



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A decision is reached. The 512M will be employed to break the world unlimited six-hour mark of 172.3 mph, set in 1940 by Ab Jenkins and Indy ace Cliff Bergere in the Mormon Meteor. Graham *Hill will drive the first leg*, and he accelerates away, the Ferrari screeching ominously as its rear tires fling up a faint roostertail of salt. Hill completes four laps, then fails to appear.

A ragged platoon of cars and trucks roars across the wastes in search of the lost car and driver. Graham is found five miles away, standing beside the Ferrari, which has deposited certain vital components of its engine and large clots of lubricant on the salt. The six-hour record attempt has run about 13 minutes.

Bud Morgan, the CBS unit producer and a tough, trenchant veteran of the cinema wars, eyes the broken Ferrari being towed into the pits and smiles. "I knew we were in trouble. Just as Hill started his run, the truck with the Porta-Johns rolled in. You just can't fight that kind of symbolism."

The Daytona is once again pressed into service. While not as potent as the 512M, it might be fast enough to break several national Class C records as a final face-saving gesture. This in fact is the case and Hill and Chinetti establish modest improvements for 500 kilometers, 500 miles and 1,000 kilometers. But after darkness grips the flats, the Daytona's battery fails. With Newman at the wheel, it limps in for repairs, blind as a mole. Graham Hill takes another crack at driving, but blows a tire. The ensuing time lost, coupled with the other problems and the car's modest speed, prompt the NART general staff to cancel the rest of the proceedings.

It is three o'clock in the morning. Sharp spikes of artificial light illuminate the exhausted mechanics and cameramen as they load their gear. Their bodies have been baked in the day and frozen at night. There is no moon. Fantasies rise from their exhaustion. Hallucinations twinkle in their brains. That sound out there... that low moaning of an aircraft engine ... that long, torpedo-shaped car whisking through the shadows like a landborn Flying Dutchman. In the cockpit that smiling man . . . can it possibly be ol' Ab? And perched on the hood of the Mormon Meteor . . . it's, of course! The Angel Moroni!

You're right. He doesn't look Italian. **END**

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MY IMPACT WILL BE EVERLASTING

by WILT CHAMBERLAIN with ROY BLOUNT JR.

Unworried about his place in the history and record books, one of pro sport's dominant figures announces he is quitting basketball for good

All my life I've had to make big decisions. It started in junior high school, when different schools were trying to get me, offering me free lunch and carfare. Now I'm 38 years old and over the last 25 years or so I've made decisions about high school, a college, the Globetrotters, three teams in the NBA and one in the ABA. Teams are still competing for me, only now they're offering me figures that are getting to be around a million dollars a year. This time I've decided to turn them all down. I've decided to retire from basketball, as player and as coach. I want to produce a motion picture and travel around the world some more and keep on playing beach volleyball and advance the interests of Wilt's Wonder Women and Wonderettes, formerly known as the La Jolla Track Club.

I'm still wearing a rubber band around my right wrist, the way I have since I was a kid worrying about my basketball socks falling down. Now I tell people I have my rubber bands made by Gucci. I'll probably die wearing a rubber band, but I've taken my last professional shot and I don't even remember whether it went in. It doesn't matter. I changed the whole sport of basketball in many ways—more than people want to give me credit for. But I'm satisfied.

Last month I spent 10 or 11 days in the town of Jelsa on the island of Hvar, off the Dalmatian coast. Just getting away from it all—no phones, nothing but the Adriatic Sea and some peace and tranquillity. I was able to do some clear thinking there about things I want to do and things I don't want to do.

Of all the don'ts, No. 1 has to do with the regimentation of my time. Last year when I was coaching the San Diego Q's my team sometimes had to get up at five in the morning and travel all day to play that night. The pro season is almost two months longer than when I started playing in '59. They've saturated sports with too many games, and I find it a total drag. I don't want to give up my time to the man, so to speak, or to any man. I've made a lot of money in basketball, and now I can't live in a better house than mine in Bel Air, which is a sort of living monument to what a man can do if he has concentration and works hard for what he believes. And I can't eat a better steak than the ones I eat regularly. My accountant says maybe it would be

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good if I went on and played one more year. But *now* is the most precious thing to me. I don't plan to work for anybody ever again. With someone, but not for someone.

I've invested my money well, I've had good advice. The economy certainly looks bad now, but I don't contemplate that there'll be another big depression. If things do go all awry—hey, I've worked hard all my life. I'll get a job in a steel mill or something. I'd be a good truck loader.

I'm in better shape physically and mentally than I was six years ago when I joined the Lakers. I'll go to the beach at nine or 10 in the morning and play until seven or eight o'clock at night. I may lose 19 or 20 pounds. I exercise just as hard as I did playing basketball, and without the mental hassle. Most of my endeavors in life are still physical. I'm a physical being. I weigh about 285 right now; I played at 295 or 300. Five or six years ago you couldn't touch my knees. They were like Willis Reed's. Now my knees are in fantastic shape. I don't have any pain or arthritis I know of.

When I was younger I used to wonder why some old ballplayers held on. But that was a dumb young man's view. It is a job. It puts food on the table. I'd go on and play as long as I could if I could use the money. I'd rationalize, "Hey, the days *I* was really doing it for people *I* didn't get as much as I should have. Why shouldn't I get some money I don't deserve now?" But I don't need to do that, and *I* can't spare the time.

I've never played any of my "final" games—with Kansas, with the Warriors or the 76ers or the Lakers—knowing that it would be the last. I remember with the Lakers, every town we'd go into toward the end of the season it was supposed to be the last game Jerry West would play there, and there'd be Jerry West Day here, Jerry West Night there, and that went on for three years. Now he's just signed a long-term contract. All I remember about what turned out to be my last NBA game, in the '73 playoffs, was that we lost to the Knicks. All I remember was a feeling of disgust. Actually, I was satisfied with my own effort in that series, but I never thought of it as being a finale. I do remember last August 13th, the Maurice Stokes exhibition game at Kutsher's Country Club. I hadn't played basketball in a year and a half. The heat was 95°. The first two or three times busting downcourt it was tough to catch my breath. But I must've blocked 11 or 12 shots. I took just one shot and missed, and felt I got fouled. I looked over at Mendy Rudolph who, I thought, always gave the edge of that whistle to Bill Russell and always took it from me, and he didn't call the foul that time either, and we smiled at each other.

Last year every sportswriter in every town would ask, "Hey, don't you miss being out there, big fella?" I had to say no. Whenever I stepped out on the floor people expected something out of me, and as a man I wanted to be able to give it to them. But it's not worth it anymore. They expected me to be better than anybody else. Better than Kareem Abdul-Jabbar or whoever was out there. Now I've learned to sit back and enjoy the talents of other people. I'm interested in how Bill Walton will work out. About the only two people who have really played the center position on offense are me and Kareem. All the others have been like forwards offensively. I'm interested in seeing how much offense Walton will try to play. If they're expecting him to score 30 points a game and also play defense, then he'll have some problems. I'll tell you something I've noticed about Walton—he has had difficulty playing good centers, like John Shumate of Notre Dame, one-on-one. Walton is great the same way Bill Russell was great, at seeing ways to help out his team—coming out to take certain things away from the other offense. I think Walton's going to be great because Portland has some shooters to do the scoring.

But I don't have any desire to play against Walton. I don't see him as a challenge. I didn't find Bill Russell a challenge. It's not a one-on-one game. Jerry West is a great player, but he gets burned one-on-one.

Nor do I want to be a color man on TV. For one thing it would regiment my time. And people seem to be so critical of color announcers. I thought, honestly, that Elgin Baylor did a good job on CBS last year. But I must have been the only one who thought that. In my humble opinion, which is not humble at all, there is too much talking on those telecasts. I never watched Russell doing color. They say he was good, he was cute. He omitted mentioning my name in obvious situations many times. That's his hangup. He's fantastic in that telephone commercial he does. I get a lot of people saying to me, "I just loved you in that telephone commercial." I say, "Thank you."

And I think I'll stay out of politics. I haven't had any contact with Richard Nixon since I worked in his campaign in '68. After he picked Agnew and did a couple of other things, I didn't see him anymore. I like a couple of politicians in California, Tom Bradley and Edmund Brown Jr., and there are issues like overpopulation and mass transit that I feel strongly about, but politics makes basketball look like elementary school.

This summer Arthur Wirtz came down from the Chicago Bulls and offered me a sensational deal. It was better monetarily than the $625,000 everyone says I was making at San Diego. I listened to him, out of respect, but I didn't commit myself, and then I went away to Europe. I was eating some chocolate ice cream in the Café de Paris on the Via Veneto in Rome, and I read that the Bulls signed Nate Thurmond, so that was that. I haven't even answered the calls I've gotten from four or five other clubs, including Philadelphia. Leonard Bloom, who is a big believer in his own selling powers, still thinks he can talk me into coming back and playing with the Q's. But I told him some time ago, *I* may help the club out some this year, but it won't be playing or coaching.

I want to get something straight about my leaving the Lakers after the '72–'73 season to go to the Q's. Everybody says, "Hey, Wilt asked for too much money, he tried to use the Lakers against the Q's." I decided after that last playoff game with the Knicks that I had had enough with the Lakers. It had got to the point with the Lakers that the only thing you were appreciated for was if you won it all. If you didn't do that you hadn't done your job. That was the attitude of the fans and the press. So I allowed myself to talk to the Q's, and I never did anything to get another contract with the Lakers. The day I decided to sign with San Diego I called Jack Kent Cooke, the Lakers' owner, and thanked him for five years of employment.

I could have flirted with several NBA teams, but I didn't want to leave California. The Houston Rockets actually

continued

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offered me $200,000 a year more than the Q's, plus a minimum of 25% of the team, and that minimum was open to negotiation. I said I thought it was against the NBA bylaws for players to own part of a team. "Ah, don't worry, we'll take care of that," they said.

I knew the option clause called for me to play with the Lakers another year if I played with anybody. I wasn't sure whether the clause was legal. I was willing to test it, and so were the Q's. We lost. O.K. But the one thing I was upset about was that when the Lakers' season was over, and technically my responsibility to them had ended, the Q's called Cooke and asked him to permit me to play the rest of San Diego's season, and he refused. Maybe it wasn't just him, maybe it was the NBA.

It's true that I once said I was the unlikeliest coach I could think of, but I thoroughly enjoyed coaching the Q's. It was the most exciting team in basketball last year. I signed Caldwell Jones to play center after the 76ers offered him a ridiculously low figure and Virginia let the rights to him go for virtually nothing. He's so good now, I don't think I could beat him out this year. I picked up Travis Grant after he'd sat on the bench for a year and a half with the Lakers.

I also offered Wali Jones a job, although I'd heard he was blacklisted because he was accused of using drugs. He wasn't on my blacklist, except as a black player I'd like to have. If he'd been running our team on the floor we'd have gone all the way. I offered him $75,000. He said he'd been offered $85,000 with Buffalo and were we willing to match that? I said, O.K., I'll get you that kind of money, because I'm looking into the future, but I'll have to go into my own pocket to do it. So his agent calls and says, "Well, can you give him $95,000?" So we just forgot about it. And he didn't play for Buffalo either. That's one of the things that make me wonder about agents. I never used one myself. I figure nobody knows what I'm worth better than I do.

I thought the play in the ABA equated with the NBA, except the ABA doesn't have centers like Jabbar, Thurmond or Cowens. The forwards are as good. With guards, it's longevity. The ABA doesn't have any Walt Fraziers or Jerry Wests, but it does have good young guards.

The biggest surprise to me was the red, white and blue ball. When I first came into the ABA, after so much time with a regular ball, I was almost contemptuous of the red, white and blue one. Gotta be a circus job. After two or three days of working out with it, I began to look at the other one as completely blah. A brown ball blends in with so many things. The colored one you can see so much better. If you're a rotation shooter, you can tell when your rotation's off. You can do a lot more with the ABA ball.

My job as coach was made very hard by one thing: I was Wilt Chamberlain. Every day reporters were asking my players, "Was Wilt at practice today?" "Is Wilt a good coach?" "Hey, where is Wilt—does Wilt often come this late?" Everybody wanted to know what Wilt was not doing.

I have a lot of reputations for various things, some of them true and some not. "Hey, Wilt misses practice," they say. I don't know where that myth comes from, but people seem to want to use it. In five years with the Lakers I had three coaches. Ask all of them and you might get one missed practice. I take pride in what I do. Nobody can say I wasn't in shape. And I damn sure played more minutes than anybody else ever has.

In San Diego I had an agreement with Leonard Bloom to do certain things. Some of them kept me from being at every practice. Do I have to tell the players, "Hey, fellas, I'm going out to watch some players that might take your places"? A lot of coaches—even Frank McGuire, my favorite—missed practices to make speeches or for personal reasons. Last year I missed a couple of games. I just had to be somewhere else, and the right people knew where I was. I took practice with my girls the other day, ran some warm-downs with one of them. She went home and turned on TV. The guy on the news was saying, "Where is Wilt? Nobody knows."

"Mommy," she said, "I don't understand. I just saw Wilt. He was with me."

That's one sort of aggravation she and I won't have to put up with now. My No. 1 love has always been track. In college I competed in the high jump, the 440 and the hop, step and jump. In track it's man against man, and against the tape measure or the clock. It's a sport where there isn't an argument about "Who's better, Bill Russell or Wilt Chamberlain?" If Bill Russell jumps seven feet and Wilt Chamberlain jumps seven feet one inch, you know damn well who's better. In track you don't need three or four other guys. You don't need a ball. All you need is true desire and perseverance.

I really just got started working with my Wonder Women. It's a club of 51 or 52 girls and young women from 10 years old to 27. Last year it had 39 members—37 of them went to the national championships, 37 won a medal and five of them made the U.S. team. I'm underwriting some of their expenses, but they also have garage sales and things to raise money. I go out and talk to new girls, and I work out with the team a little. Some of them, I can't keep up with. Cazzie Russell is a man who works out a lot, runs and stays in shape, and he used to say he could run the mile in 5:30. I've got 10-year-old girls who can do better than that.

I think it's fine for Mark Spitz to get so much recognition for winning seven gold medals, but what happens when Debbie Meyer wins three? People hardly even remember her name. It's time we did something about women's sports. The East German girls are taking over the world in swimming and track. That's because their goals are the same as the men's, and their rewards are the same. Maybe I sound like a Women's Libber. In a way, I am. I think women are here to stay, and their position is going to get stronger and stronger.

I tell my team that the new name, Wonder Women, may sound too bodacious, it may raise some eyebrows, but when they jump 6′5″ that's going to raise some eyebrows, too. Wonder Woman is in a comic strip, but she's beautiful, she's smart, she's strong, she's fast. What more do you want? Women athletes do have power in ways that other women don't. So we're calling them Wonder Women instead of Wilt's Golden Girls. The younger girls we're calling the Wonderettes.

"Ettes" puts the feminine into it—like bachelor, bachelorette—and it even sounds a little bit cute. I've got a women's volleyball team too, the Little Dippers. They were second in the nation last year.

I'm into some other things. I'm one of the founding fathers of the International Volleyball Association, the professional league which is going to start a season next June. Right now I'm the owner of the Los Angeles franchise, but I haven't decided to what extent I'm going to be involved. I've got my Big Dipper volley-

continued

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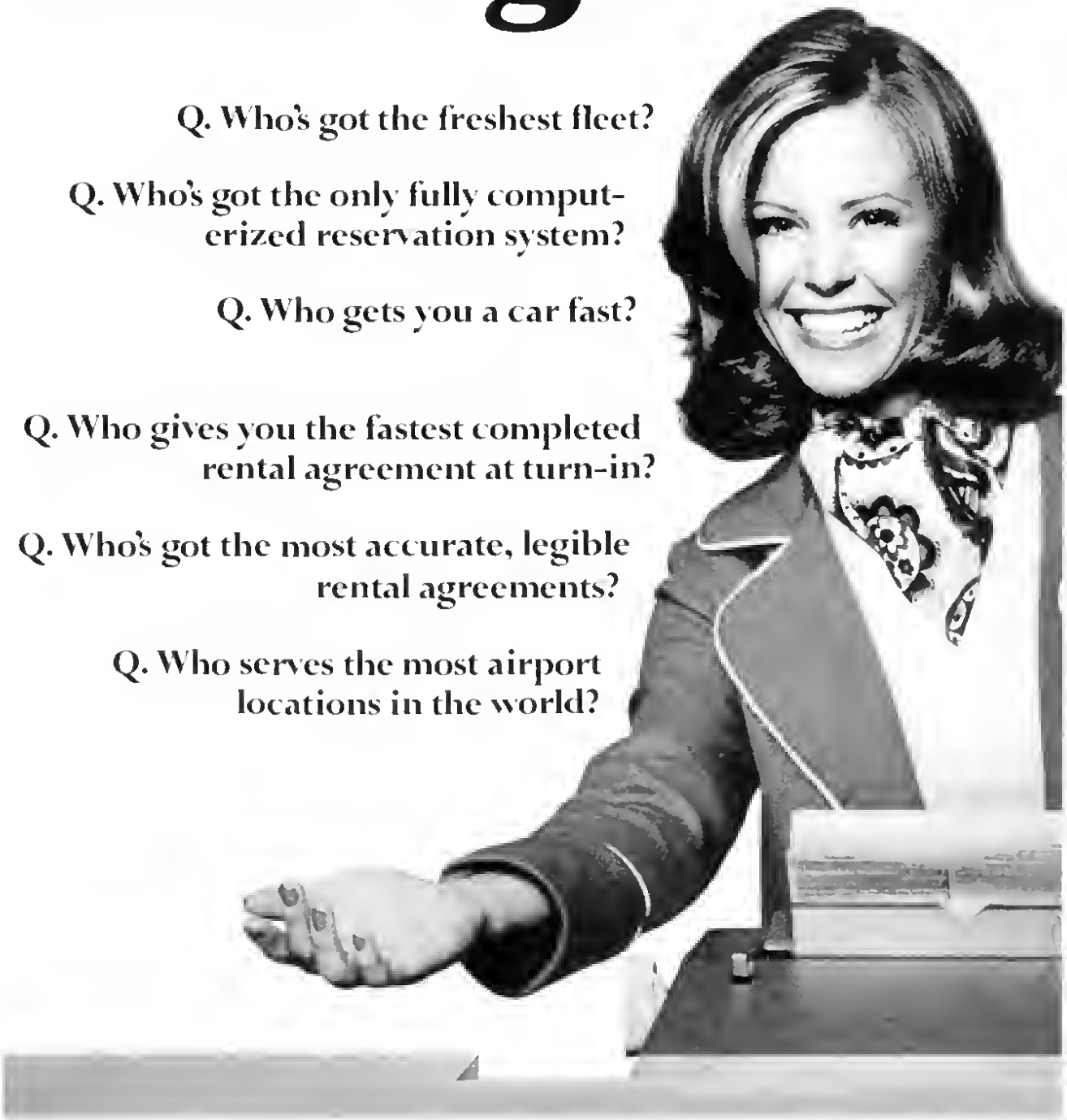
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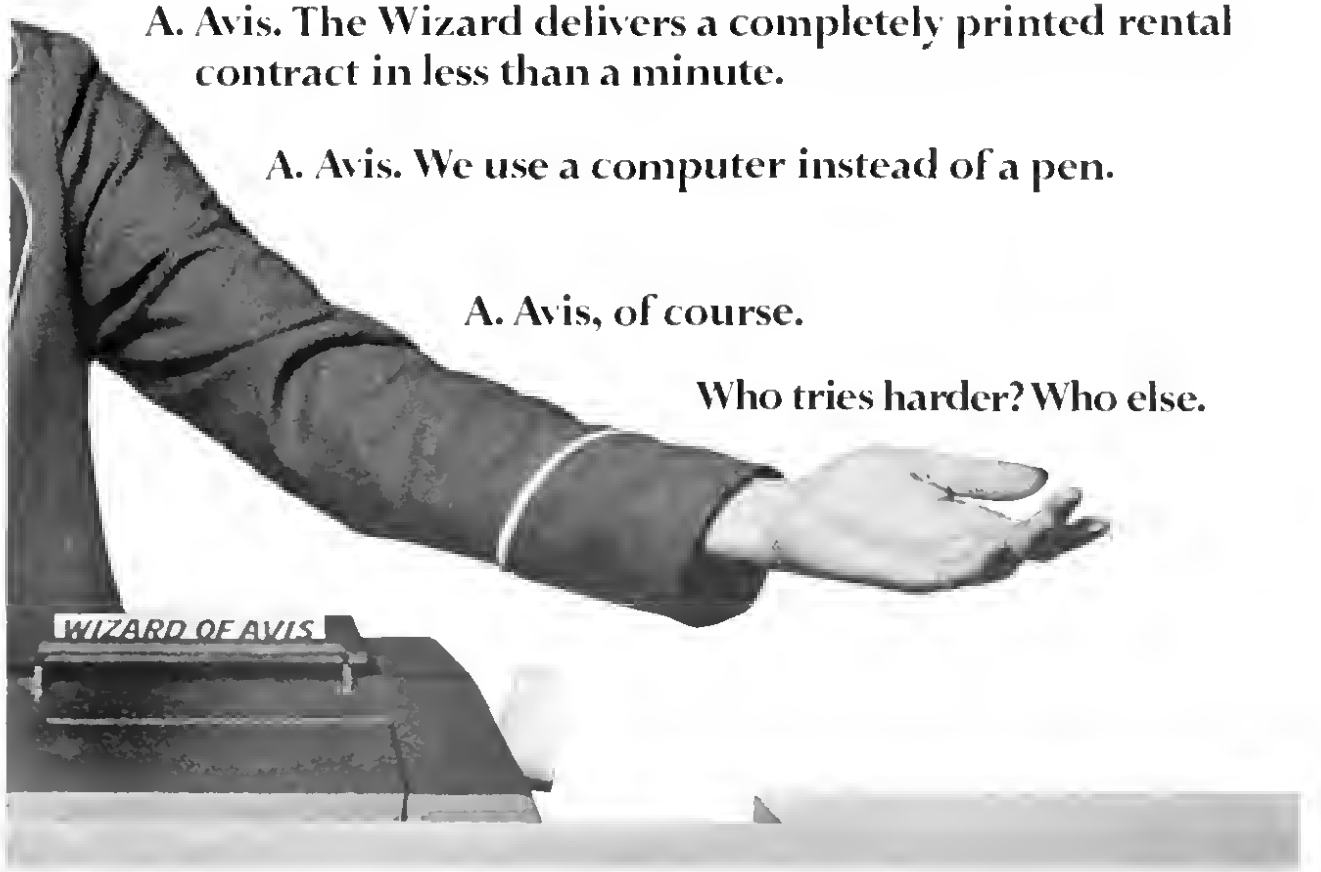
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ball team—we're four men and we play against six-man teams all over the country. The International Basketball League offered me a franchise, basically anywhere *I* wanted it. *I* don't know about that. And then I harbor a little thing within me that says I'd like one day to really become involved in the movies. I've formed a production company and since July I've read about 230 scripts.

I have a friend who owns a soccer team in London, but I'm not into soccer at this point. One time I was out walking in London and saw some boys, about 12 years old, getting ready to play soccer in a park. I asked if I could get in the game. They said, well, we'll choose sides and see how it comes out. I could see after a while that it was going to come out that I would be chosen last or not at all. It came out not at all. And then in the airport when I got off the plane after that same trip to Europe, a man from the Atlanta professional soccer team came up to me and offered me six figures to play goalie. First they would teach me how to play.

As I look back on my career, I feel really sad about one thing. I was a scorer. But for the sake of offensive flow, and to keep other people happy, I was asked to give up scoring. I think it's pretty ridiculous to ask the greatest scorer in the game to do that. I used to feel kind of silly sometimes passing the ball off to guys who had half the chance I did of putting it in. Don't you think it would have been sad if the owner of the Braves had asked Hank Aaron to stop hitting home runs because if he hit them everybody else would want to, and they can't do it as well, so would he please hit singles to keep everybody happy? That's a hell of a parable but you know what I'm saying: now you got Hank Aaron bunting.

"Wilt, sublimate yourself to Elgin and Jerry," they said, and their averages went up and mine went down. But, hey, I was a better scorer than they were. So why didn't it work the other way?

Frank McGuire felt that you utilize your greatest gifts. If Wilt can score 50 points a game at 50% shooting, you use psychology on the other players to get them to accept it. Not too many people remember the days when I was shooting jump shots. My game used to be much more diversified. It got regimented by what coaches wanted me to do.

There's a sort of unfortunate thing about basketball: you play the game to score points, but when a player scores a lot of points they call him selfish. You never heard Russell called selfish, but I blocked more shots and got more rebounds than he did. Nobody shoots more than John Havlicek, he throws it up like mad. But he's not called selfish—and he isn't. Jerry and Elgin never won a championship until recently, but they're not called losers or selfish.

Free throws are something I'll always be sorry about. How can you make 80 or 90 of 100 in practice and not be able to make 45% in a game? Even though, I'll bet my clutch free-throw shooting percentage is as high as most. Ike Richman, a friend of mine with the 76er organization, paid for me to talk to a psychiatrist about foul shots. I don't think I'm a schizo. I think I'm fairly stable. But I'd go in there and see this analyst, and come out shooting worse. He talked to me about all the things you would talk about to a disturbed patient. I enjoyed it because I guess we all think we're a little bit of an amateur psychiatrist. I surely do. I wanted to see how the professionals did it. Unfortunately, and not to demean the guy, I don't think he found out a thing about me. I got to psychoanalyzing him. So after about 13 weeks I quit. And now I'm qualified in psychiatry—but still a lousy foul shooter.

I'm satisfied with what I've done in the sports world. I walk down the street and people come past me jogging, and I see a whole lot of them are wearing headbands. Three or four years ago nobody but me wore a headband. Fans would go "woo-woo-woo," give me the Indian call. Now it's all over the damn country, headbands and wristbands. Somebody has to start everything.

It may not sound humble to say it, but I think my impact on basketball is going to be everlasting. In a lot of ways it may be harmful. I got the first big contracts, and now it's reached the point that stars are coming out of college with four- and five-year no-cut deals, which sometimes keep more capable players off a team. Last year almost all the pro basketball teams lost money. I tried to get the ABA to cut down the number of games. "Are the players willing to take pay cuts?" they asked. I hate to say it, but I think a lot of players would play even more games if they got more money.

My impact. They make a big thing of Aaron breaking Babe Ruth's record, but I may hold 90% of all the records in bas-

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ketball. I don't think one man has ever broken so many records and gotten so little credit for it.

And think of the rule changes alone. When George Mikan was playing the game, they had a little six-foot lane. When I came into college they immediately started changing rules. The lane got wider and wider. Offensive goaltending was made illegal. When I was in college they'd throw the ball inbounds over the top of the basket and I'd jump up and dunk it. Why did they have to stop me from doing things? If a back runs the 100 in 9.5, does he have to start from farther behind the line of scrimmage? If a lineman weighs 300 pounds, does he have to use only one arm?

I wasn't the first seven-footer. There were lots before me. But they didn't have the mobility or the stamina. And I could pass. I could jump. And I never got credit for my speed. In Philadelphia I used to race little guys like Larry Costello and Hal Greer, and enjoy whipping their butts. The only guy who ever *tied* me was Al Attles, and he was a speed demon. A girl on our track team, Patty Johnson, the fastest woman hurdler in America, says, "I'll race you." I'm a big old 300-pound 38-year-old man, and she's amazed when, hey, at my size I beat her. A lot of things I could really do have been lost in the shuffle because of my size.

But I don't want to leave basketball without saying this: Aside from all my mother and father gave me, I owe everything to the game. And if any sport's done what it should have in race relations, basketball has. I'm still dismayed about the lack of black managers and head coaches in baseball and football. I hate to say this—I have a lot of friends who play baseball—but I believe basketball players are a little more intelligent. And basketball is the freest team sport. The individual isn't completely lost in the shuffle. In football, a coach can't listen to 47 guys.

I haven't been gifted with Wilt Chamberlain Nights, and that might be interpreted to mean that people don't care much. But that's not true. I know plenty of people who would have been only too happy to give me a Night. It would've made me self-conscious. I want to thank all those fans—the ones who've thanked me verbally or just silently, those people who may not think that I know they're there. I hope some of them will get behind my Wonder Women now. **END**

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ONE RAINBOW beached, a Kiwi angler goes for another in North Island's deep Lake Taupo.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE SILK

HEAVEN DOWN UNDER

Planted way back in the mid-1800s, brown and rainbow trout have flourished to the point where New Zealand's waters now form a sort of celestial fish farm

by ROBERT F. JONES

The legacies of British colonialism are far-flung and fine, ranging from a touching faith in parliamentary government to a hearty taste for strong, bitter ale. Yet there is one colonial heritage that in its surpassing ubiquity exceeds all others. Wherever the Union Jack flew over cold, clear, running water, the British planted trout. Today, with the Empire only a memory, parliaments on the wane and even the ale gone weak and watery, trout still swim on the bamboo slopes of Mount Kenya, the noble *Salmo nutta* inhales mayflies in the high Himalayas and the spiritual heirs of gentle Izaak ply their delicate craft in the backwoods of Belize (formerly British Honduras). Nowhere, however, did the experiment work more successfully than in New Zealand, that green island nation antipodal to Britain herself.

It is almost as if New Zealand had been created solely to serve as God's great trout farm. When Captain James Cook scouted its two islands in 1770, about the only freshwater fish present were eels, smelt, cockabullies and a tiny whitebait known to the native Maoris as *kokopu*. The chilly volcanic lakes and glacial streams were rich in potential trout food—snails, caddis flies, exotic insect larvae and especially the freshwater crayfish called *koura*. Beginning in the mid-19th century, groups of New Zealand sportsmen, formed into "acclimatization societies," set about filling these virgin water systems with trout—first European browns imported from Tasmania, more than 1,000 miles away off the south coast of Australia, and later North American rainbows from the Russian River of California.

The brown trout, bigger and somewhat sluggish in comparison with the acrobatic rainbows, became the dominant fish in the more temperate South Island; the flashy rainbows took over the California-like waters of the North Island. Judging by the rapid growth rate of both species, there wasn't that much acclimatizing necessary. By the turn of the century, the most fertile lakes and rivers were producing brown trout averages of 17½ pounds and rainbows of 13½ pounds. In 1910 a visiting Englishman set out to establish a world record for pounds of trout caught on the fly in a single day. Fishing the Tongariro River above Lake Taupo, he killed 123 fish—a ton's worth—between sunup and dusk. They averaged 17 pounds.

Naturally there have been ups and downs in both the abundance and the size of New Zealand trout. According to some experts, as the fish population increases, peaking out every five to 10 years, food resources are depleted and some stunting occurs. Right now, the rainbows of the North Island seem to be at an ebb point in size. During last December's International Trout Fishing Competition at Rotorua, eight days of angling by 280 rods produced 1,166 trout with a total weight of 4,099 pounds seven ounces. That is a lot of rainbows, sure enough, but the average weight was a piddling 3½ pounds. Indeed, the winning fish, a beautifully conditioned hen rainbow caught by Mrs. Alda McKeon, 60, of nearby Tokoroa, weighed in at a mere eight pounds seven ounces. Mrs. McKeon was delighted, of course, to win the competition (and the 10-foot aluminum boat plus outboard motor that went with it), but she was a bit blasé about the catch itself. "It bit on my wee little black and gold Toby and I cranked it in. It was all over in a minute. The big 'uns have no fight in 'em. Still, I'm told they'll mount the fish for me, so I'll hang it on the wall and when I'm too old to fish anymore I'll look up at it and say, 'Gotcha!' "

Actually, the largest fish caught during the competition was not even judged. An ethical angler named J. N. Barrowman, headmaster of a Rotorua high school, caught a 10-pound seven-ounce brown but refused to enter it because he feels the tournament is detrimental to fishing. "There's too much pressure on the lakes already," he said, "and this is supposed to be an introspective, individualistic sport, not an exercise in weights and measures." Even if Barrowman had entered his fish, it could not have won the top prize since brown trout are not considered in the same class as rainbows by North Island fishermen. This oldtime tradition of inter-island bigotry, when it is applied to two of the world's most

continued



exciting game fish, is patently absurd.

Trout are trout, regardless of race or color, and never more exciting than on opening day on the Ngongotaha (the first *g* is silent), a swift tumbling feeder stream of Lake Rotorua that pours down through native bush and hard-cleared sheep runs, providing excellent spawning ground for the lake's big rainbows. The opening is timed to come at the end of the spawning run, so the fish taken on opening day—which came on Dec. 1 last year—tend to be "slabs," which is what New Zealanders call the dark, skinny, spawned-out fish of that season. Still, even a slab can put up a considerable fight on a light fly rod when the fish weighs five or six pounds.

Long before first light last Dec. 1, young boys on bicycles pedaled up the road to get their positions for the opening. It was a foggy morning, ripe with the smell of sheep dung and spring flowers. Photographer George Silk, a native New Zealander, and I had been invited to fish on the farm of Ken Elphick, a lean, eminently hospitable rancher whose spread straddles the Ngongotaha near its source. The kettle was chortling on the hob of Mrs. Elphick's wood-burning Orion stove when we came in, and the rich odor of "lamb's fry"—tender liver sweetened in its own juices—filled the farmhouse. Over a breakfast of fry, scones and sweet black tea, Elphick introduced his youngest son, David, 13, who was to be our "gilly." He also pointed out a 9½-pound rainbow trout, mounted over the hallway door, that David had taken the previous year. "David's been a trout fisherman since he fell out of the pram," said Elphick. David blushed behind his freckles and pulled on his gum boots. "Let's get cracking," he gruffed.

Under David's tutelage, I caught three good-sized rainbows in half an hour, releasing two of them. Only one was truly acrobatic, jumping a dozen times before coming slowly, sullenly, with its head still shaking in anger, to the hand. These were fish of five pounds' weight, yet even when they are bigger, Kiwi anglers are loath to use a net or a gaff. "Nah," said David, "you just, like, boot 'em oop on the bank. Get your toe under their belly and, sploot! You saves time thataway, an' you kin release 'em if you're so minded."

For someone accustomed to North American trout streams, it was curious to be fishing for such large trout in the middle of a close-cropped sheep meadow. The fog persisted to midmorning, and as it began to burn off, shafts of amber light came slashing through, illuminating the waxy leaves of the bankside ti trees so that they looked like the pages of a prayer book. The Ngongotaha was clear and fast, and you could see the big, dark trout lying under the banks, the jacks with their jaws bent and angry-looking in the kype, the hens thicker through the belly, almost baby-faced. Shifting from the Parson's Glory, a yellow-bodied streamer fly suggested by David, to a dark-hackled, heavy dry fly called a Coch-y-Bondhu, I cast upstream into a promising riffle. Bingo! I caught the smallest trout in New Zealand—an infant that could not have measured more than four inches long. After releasing the dink, I cast again to the same spot. Ditto! I caught the same dink. Or his brother. David watched impassively





ON OPENING DAY on the Ngongotaha no one need feel sheepish about getting his limit



ONE DAY in 1910 an Englishman killed 123 trout totaling a ton on the Tongariro River

"Hoongry little booger," he said.

Driving back down the road we passed dozens of anglers returning home before noon with their eight-fish limits. The bicyclists, most of them boys no older than David Elphick, hooked the dead trout on their handle bars, tied their broken-down fly rods to the bike frames and freewheeled home with a week's worth of eating aflop beneath their hands. Many of the fish were as long as a boy's leg. Not one of the kids looked *terribly* impressed with his catch. "What a way to grow up," said Silk, grinning.

From Rotorua we headed south to Lake Taupo, the most productive trout water in New Zealand. This is the "thermal region" of the North Island, a stretch of more than 100 miles in which the bowels of the earth present themselves at the surface more spectacularly than anywhere west of the Yellowstone. The western shore of Lake Rotomahana, southeast of Rotorua, sports steaming cliffs. Rainbow Mountain is named not for a trout but for the colorful striations of its giddy ridges. Mount Tarawera, which last erupted on June 10, 1886, glowers down on the lake of the same name which produces the biggest trout of the region. It is a deep, dark-blue lake, chilly beneath the surface, ideal for trout, and on its western bank there is a spot where you can catch a rainbow and then immediately dunk it in a hot spring behind you and enjoy instant poached trout. According to another native recipe, the fish are smoked on the spot over ti tree chips.

Lake Taupo itself is a 240-square-mile volcanic crater filled with water to an average depth of 200 feet; its maximum depth is 534 feet. During its last major eruption, about 2,000 years ago, Taupo spewed five cubic miles of ash into the air, covering 8,800 square miles of surrounding countryside with a layer of pumice half a foot deep. A number of rivers enter the lake from the south, foremost among them the powerful Tongariro, a crashing, broad-shouldered torrent that has become one of the world's most famous trout streams. But the lake has only one known outlet—the Waikato River, which pours over the 90-foot-high Huka Falls a few miles north of the crater.



Thanks to the falls, there are no eels in Taupo. New Zealand eels, which grow to a length of five feet and weigh up to 50 pounds, are a tenacious lot. It is not uncommon in other lakes to be fighting a trout and suddenly feel it go dead, increasing grotesquely in weight and sluggishness. Reel in and you find an eel happily gorging itself at the end of your line. Fishermen who trail their catch from their belts often pick up slippery hitchhikers. (In fact, one of the ugliest creatures in the Maori bestiary is the legendary *taniwha*, a Down Under Loch Ness monster, clearly patterned on the freshwater eel.) The eels' absence from Lake Taupo makes the angling a good deal gentler.

Anyone fishing Taupo for the first time should spend at least one day at Huka Lodge, on the Waikato, as the guest of a highly cultured Kiwi named Harland Harland-Baker, whose great-uncle, Alma Baker, was Zane Grey's host during the great fisherman's 1926 New Zealand trip. The lodge, which was founded

continued







in 1904 as Pye's Camp by Alma Baker's good friend Alan Pye, has been a mecca for the trout-minded through most of the century. During World War II, every general and admiral in the Pacific who could spare the time wended his way Huka-ward, fly rod in hand, to sample the fishing.

When the visiting brass grew tired of kerosene lighting, they cumshawed a generator and dispatched a team of Seabees to wire the place for a 110-volt electrical system. After the war, however, the lodge fell into disrepair. North American interests were angling to buy the property and put up a high-rise monstrosity on the site, but Harland-Baker forestalled them. He has renovated the lodge into one of the most comfortable, and historically rich, fishing camps in the world. What's more, Harland-Baker is a splendid chef, particularly when he is working with wild pig, shot by himself in the nearby bush. A slim, soft-spoken esthete with a salt-and-pepper beard, he has a taste for vintage everything. He drives a resuscitated 1930 Lagonda sports car; sherry is served in 17th-century glasses; the bedrooms bear the names of traditional New Zealand trout flies—Taupo Tiger, Hairy Dog, Taihape Tickler, Bishop's Blessing.

Our guide on Taupo was a tall, sunburned sporting-goods dealer named Bob Sullivan, 49, a transplanted Yorkshireman who came to New Zealand in 1950 after army service in Africa. He is as avid and competent a flycaster as you are likely to find in New Zealand. "This lake fishin's more like surf castin'," he explained as we circled the huge blue hole, stopping from time to time to sample what Sullivan called "the noble savagery of the noble savage *Salmo gairdneri*." At the mouth of Hatepe Stream, early one foggy morning, we learned what it was all about. Three fishermen were standing armpit-deep in the icy water, about a hundred yards offshore, casting into a stiff wind that slopped water into their waders. They were casting easily 100 feet of line.

"Just beyond them, maybe a step or two, the lake bottom drops off to 200 feet," said Sullivan. "You throw a fast-sinking shooting head, or maybe a weight-forward line if you're young and strong, and let the fly—usually a smelt imitation—drift down with the current from the stream outlet. Then you retrieve ever so slow and steady. Over and over again. Sure, we have lots of trout here, and big ones, but the lake is big, too. Taupo is an angler's paradise only for the angler who's willing to bloody work for his bit of heaven."

Heaven for this trio came in six plump, silvery, bullet-headed beauties, each weighing about four pounds—excellently conditioned rainbow hens, shaped more like tuna than trout. The fishermen were blue-lipped with the cold, but game to try the stream itself for a few casts before heading home.

Dr. David Westwood, an Auckland dentist, picked up a final fish, a 4½-pound jack rainbow that tailwalked up and down the stream for 10 minutes before coming in to the doctor's boot. The battle was punctuated with birdsong from the almost obscenely bright underbrush on the banks—purple lupine, buttery broom, white-blossomed manuka, the golden-flowered kowhai tree that Kipling apostrophized thusly: "Flung for gift on Taupo's face,/Sign that spring is come." The birds uttered a sound like crystal goblets falling into soapy water. "Tuis," said Sullivan. "The little jokers are everywhere, imitating one another. Bloody acrobats, the tuis. They can do anything upside down or sideways. Look out for the fantails, though. They'll bloody land on your head while you're fighting a fish—scare the starch out of your collar."

Plovers, hitterns, grebes, kingfishers and cormorants abounded on the shoreline, while the odd harrier circled high over the wooded cliffs of the crater's edge. To the south, the snow-clad peak of Mount Ruapehu hunched over the lake, flanked on its northeastern slope by the nearly perfect volcanic cone of Ngauruhoe, grumbling now and then as it spewed a steady streamer of smoke into the hard blue sky. "Best bloody weather vane in the country," said Sullivan. "Scares you a bit, though, when she goes off at night. You wake up with a start and reckon the kids have blown up the house."

Towards noon we stopped at Jellicoe Point on the southern shore for a "shufty"—New Zealandish for a look-see, derived from the Arabic, the Kiwis distinguished themselves in Egypt in World War II. Here a tiny, purling stream, the Waipehi, flows into the lake. Its cold water and the insect life washed down from the bush draw trout, which lie in wait for a free lunch. Just offshore rises the bread-loaf shape of Motutaiko, an islet sacred to the Maoris. Many chiefs and *tohungas* (shamans) are buried there. The water was as clear and blue as a tropical lagoon. Sullivan and I donned our waders and pushed into the lake, one to either side of the stream mouth. With the water up to my waist, and the prospect of filled waders spelling a quick death by drowning, I was more concerned with my footing than my casting. Nonetheless, on about the fiftieth fling, I saw a trout slash at the fly and the combat was joined. The fish—a 4½-pound hen rainbow—jumped and juked like a soul singer, but the hook was firmly buried in her jawbone and there was no escape. I beached her gently, then kicked her Kiwi-fashion up onto the pumice beach.

The real test of Taupo is the night fishing. The truly big fish, both rainbows and browns, are night feeders. Walking those slippery shelves, the mind inflamed with Maori legends of the Great Taniwha, the flesh creeping with cold and caution, one wades ever deeper, casting into the night wind until the arm grows thick and wooden, never seeing the line except as a pale, flickering, snickering ghost as it passes overhead. Zane Grey couldn't stand it.

"Again I was distracted," he wrote in *Tales of the Angler's Eldorado*. The "plaguey old" volcano, Ngauruhoe, had belched and spooked him. "So I wound in my line, sat down, and gave myself up to the profundity of the heavens and the mystery of the firmament." Fiddling with a fly he thought was his own in the dark, and trying to hook it into the rod eye by feeling along, "suddenly the feathery-covered hook went snip! and whipped out of my fingers. At the same instant I heard a swish." It was his partner, Captain Laurie Mitchell, casting the fly Grey had thought his own. Hell to pay!

" 'This night fishing is not so much to my liking,' quoth the Captain.

" '. . . it's the bunk,' " replied Grey. " 'Let's go back to camp.' "

Using miners' headlamps and warmly wrapped against the winds of December,

continued

WORKING the Waikato River, flycasters practice an oldtime New Zealand custom one doesn't net or gaff—one gently boots the trout ashore. The next custom is more to everyone's taste: the fish are smoked over tī tree chips, Maori-style, rendering them simply delicious.

Sullivan and I fished until the legal closing hour of 11 p.m. I would like to describe the fierce battles we endured against monster cannibal trout—how they surged and leaped out there in the dark, slapping louder than the pounding surf that broke against our chest waders, how the line hissed through the water like a herd of sea snakes, how most of the lunkers cannily broke off, wrapping the leaders around submerged, mossy boulders, how the few we took were solid, strong, gigantic fish. The truth of the matter is that the only thing I caught was my right eyebrow. The wind took the hook right back to me—surprise, fella! but fortunately the barb did not set. Still, night fishing on Taupo is a considerable adventure. Give it about five nights, though, if you try it. Indeed, time is of the essence when you are fishing New Zealand trout. These fish did not reach their considerable size by being dummies, no matter how rich the food supply.

The best dry-fly water in New Zealand is on the brown-trout streams of the steep, glacier-clad South Island. These are fast, often turbid waters, especially in the spring when the 12,000-foot Southern Alps are shedding their blankets of snow and ice, so it is always wise to check up on the runoff conditions before leaving the reliable rainbow waters of the North Island for a shot in the Southland dark. And the best man to check with is Alfred W. Gill, better known as Fred, of Otautau. Fred is a retired sheep rancher and at 60 an indefatigable dry-fly fisherman. As tough and craggy as the country that shaped him, he knows the lie of nearly every huge brown in Southland, and the fly that will take the fish. The rest is up to you, and it is a lot.

When conditions are right, as they were when Fred took us up past the Mavora lakes onto the Mararoa River drainage, the water is so clear that you can see a trout a hundred yards away—and of course he can see you, too. "It's like English chalk-stream fishing," said Fred. "You must walk very softly, stopping when the trout turns your way. Always approach from the rear and cast the shortest line possible. Just drop the fly as gently as you can, about three feet or less ahead of the fish. . . ."

The browns were lined up and waiting, within six feet of the boulder-strewn beach of the Mararoa. It seemed almost unfair to go after them, so huge and sluggish they looked, and so eminently attainable. Ha! In water that clear, even the finest leader looks like an anchor chain, and sounds like one when it hits the dead-calm surface. The trout did not so much spook as they seemed to sneer. As the fly hit the water with the grace of a crashing Canada goose, the big browns would turn, like Jack Benny doing his slow scorn number, cock a scaly eyebrow and sink into the blue depths offshore. Hiking the wooded shoreline under the gnarled arms of black and red beech trees, one came often upon the skulls and skeletons of dead sheep, washed down from the crags overlooking the Mararoa. Paradise ducks sprang from the coves and flapped back and forth in fowl temper, wide-eyed and squalling. Once, on the first afternoon, a goggling owl slipped past overhead. "A morepork," said Fred. "The Maori legend has it that if you hear one during the daytime, you're in trouble." With that the morepork squawked. Thanks, old buddy.

The only brown caught that day succumbed to Fred's dark, shaggy-hackled Coch-y-Bondhu fly—on a cast of no more than nine feet. A fish of about six pounds, it brought off a series of reel-scorching runs that kept Fred busy for 10 minutes. When it finally came into the bank, rolling heavily on its bright-spotted side, he gently removed the hook and then worked the fish back and forth through the water, reviving it. When it regained its balance, he gave it a shove in the direction of deepwater safety. "I don't like to kill anymore," he said. "An old man's temperament, I guess." We broke out a bottle of Scotch and Fred swallowed his neat, three hearty chugs from the neck of the jug. "Ah," he sighed, wiping his mouth with his sleeve, "that's the way to do it. When they make that stuff, you know, they put a lot of water in it. No need to dilute it further."

That evening, after wading through the long dusk far up a side stream, we returned to a sheepherder's scruffy hut where we planned to camp. This was no Huka Lodge. The corpses of a few hundred huge, bottle-green bush flies adorned the windowsills, and heat was provided by a shocking-pink wood-burning stove. On the walls of the hut, ripped out of magazines, were black and white photographs of immensely obese people, among them one identified as Fran Fullenwider ("42-36-60"), America's answer to Twiggy. "Some sheepherders get jaded," explained Fred.

The country was bald and brown in the last light, bigger even than Montana, but with much the same sense of barren, impartial strength. We camped at the head of the Mararoa flowage, where two rivers snaked down from the cold, hard heights and a clump of virgin bush remained. "The Shirker's Bush, we call it," said Fred. "Back during World War I a bloke hid out up there; lived off rabbits and trout, he did. In those days the rabbits were so thick that at dusk, when they came out to feed, you would swear the mountain was walking away from you. The whole ruddy thing quivered and shook and stalked about. The shirker's family was Irish Republicans, you see, and they hated Britain. After the war, he came out of the bush and lived a normal life, happily ever after."

The next morning we cast to 34 fish, all clearly visible under the banks of the brightly lit lake. No more than six of them cased the offering; only two rose to the fly. One merely mouthed it, then spat it out. The other took the fly with gusto, but as the loglike fish sank back down to holding depth, I struck so hard in my frustrated eagerness that the fly flew 10 feet behind me, hanging up in the bush while the big, contemptuous brownie turned his back and sank out of sight. "He was a player, all right," said laconic Fred. Gentleman to the end, he made no reference to the angler's incompetence.

The situation was rectified later, on both the Upukerora and Clinton rivers, but that first experience with the disdainful brownies of Southland is perhaps the most realistic for an American fly fisherman approaching New Zealand with visions of plenty dancing in his head. The brown trout of Kiwiland are as wily as their relatives anywhere in the world, whether on the Test in England or the Yellowstone in Montana. They are, however, about twice as big on the average, thus no one should feel put-upon by having to exert twice the effort to catch them or to exercise twice the willpower to release them when and if the chance comes to do so. Thanks to the British Empire, which brought the fly rod and its unique sporting mystique with it, along with those splendid trout, a man could fish New Zealand all his life and never grow bored. **END**

THE WORLD SERIES

A SPECIAL REPORT ON THE HOME RUN IN WORLD SERIES PLAY





For baseball impact, nothing ever has matched the lusty home run, the eternal nemesis of every pitcher. It can mean instant joy or sudden death, depending on your turn at bat. It is the only hit whose significance always is immediately obvious, the great equalizer for flawless fielding or the stolen base—a brash, savage weapon designed to attain quick salvation for earlier mistakes. Nothing can change the mood of a baseball crowd as dramatically as the timely homer, or send a manager in quicker search of his aspirin. As a memory which remains vivid long after the score has been forgotten, the home run was the essence of Babe Ruth, and is the mystique of Henry Aaron.

It is more than proper, therefore, that home run sluggers have been among baseball's most noticeable personalities, and that the product of their art should stand at the focal point of the game's most thrilling moments, especially in the 70 World Series contested prior to this one. Not that it always was so. In the Paleolithic Era of the game, when the ball had the resiliency of an overripe turnip, the home run was an incidental oddity outside the pale of traditional offense Managers then esteemed the bunt, stolen base and sacrifice to eke out one run at a time. As evidence of their philosophy, the first 10 World Series, which consisted of 59 games, produced a two-team total of only 17 homers, a sum the Yankees and Dodgers equalled in their six-game championship set of 1953.

Even though the emphasis on defense, tight pitching and the singles offense prevailed through the first 19 World Series (Ruth forever killed it off in 1923) the devastating effect of the home run had a preview showing during a week in which John Franklin Baker, a Maryland Farmboy, earned his nickname. As sluggers go, Baker wouldn't have sent too many present-day scouts scurrying to wire the head office for bonus money, but in the 1911 Series, when Connie Mack's Athletics dumped John McGraw's Giants four games to two, Baker astonished everyone by smashing a home run off Rube Marquard and the immortal Christy



Mathewson on consecutive days.

In the Series' second game, his two-run blast was the margin of victory against Marquard, but Baker's ninth-inning solo shot off Mathewson the next day proved an even more dramatic blow. It merely tied the contest which the A's eventually won in 11 innings, but it had a noticeable effect on the crowd and a lingering one on both teams. As one game report said, "One actually could feel in the very air that it presaged an Athletic victory." While Baker had won the 1911 American

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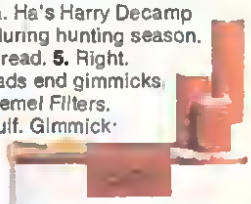
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League home run title with the grand total of nine, his dynamic work against the Giants' aces, who had pitched 50 victories between them, defied belief. John Franklin was known forever after as Home Run Baker.

A decade later, Ruth augmented his finest season with the first of his 15 World Series homers; ironically he was lost to the Yankees after the next game with a wrenched knee and infected arm. It took two more seasons before the Series' box scores reflected that the home run had changed baseball offense indelibly. In 1923, Yankee Stadium's maiden season, the Yanks and Giants each slashed five home runs in the first World Series to hit $1 million in gate receipts. The Babe bashed two in succession in the second contest and had three for the six-game matchup, but his heroics nearly were matched by a Giant outfielder named Charles Dillon (Casey) Stengel, who unloaded a pair of game-winning homers. Casey's first was an inside-the-park job which won the opener 5-4 and his second accounted for the third game 1-0. The Yankees prevailed, however, and were each rewarded for the triumph with $6,143.49—a winner's share not bettered until 12 years later.

Any discussion of the World Series or the home run would be inadequate without consideration of Ruth, who enlivened many of the former with several of the latter. Oddly enough, the Babe's Series debut was hardly the stuff that legends are made of—or even a mild indication that his career homer output some day would reach 714, a record that stood until Aaron's historic blow in Atlanta last April.

Ruth's initial World Series was with the Boston Red Sox in 1915 and it is doubtful that anyone ever went on to more lofty achievements from a less auspicious start than did the Babe.

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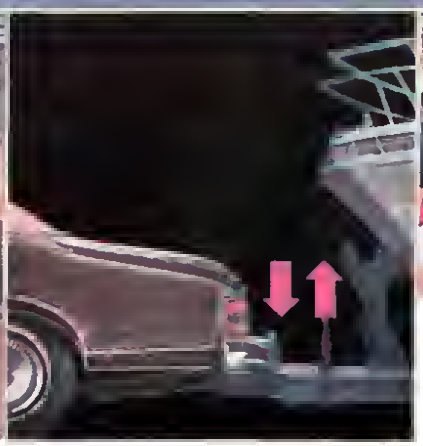
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In Boston's 4-1 series scourge of the Phillies, Ruth appeared only once, as a pinch-hitter in the opening game. He grounded out and remained on the bench through the rest of the series.

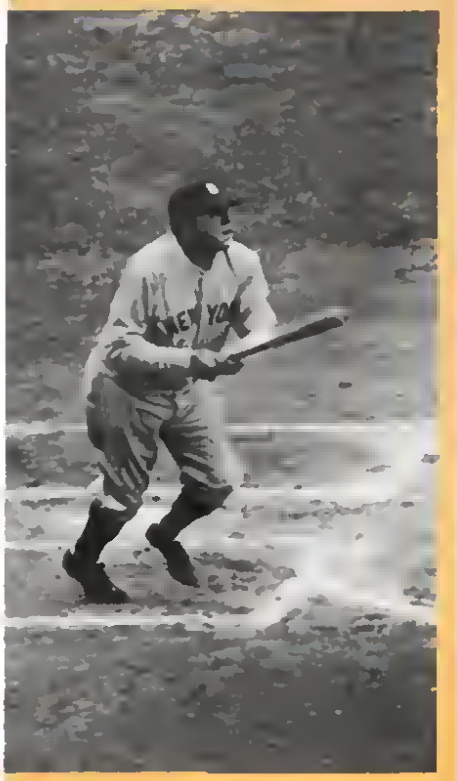
The next year the Babe was better. In the longest Series game that had been played to that time, Ruth pitched a 14-inning, 2-1 victory over Brooklyn and no one cared that he went hitless in five times at bat. The Babe's exceptional pitching performance was extended in 1918, one of the four World Series which produced no homers, when he tossed a six-hit shutout to beat the Cubs in the opening game. He also hurled 7⅓ scoreless innings in the fourth game. Including his 1916 stint, it gave him 29⅔ scoreless innings against World Series opposition, a mark which stood until Whitey Ford broke it against Cincinnati in 1961.

Ruth's World Series performances were not all so impressive. Ailing and out of league favor in 1922, he had but a double and single in 17 at-bats against the Giants, whose rout of the Yankees

gave McGraw his last world championship. Ruth improved considerably in the 1926 showdown with the Cards, hitting three homers in the fourth game and another in the seventh. He also drew 11 walks, but those efforts were overshadowed by the last play of the final game, which gave the Series to St. Louis. With two out and the Cards leading 3-2, Ruth decided on his own to steal second, even though Bob Meusel was due to bat next. He was thrown out easily and criticized severely. "That's the only dumb play I ever saw Ruth make," said Yanks business manager Ed Barrow. "With Meusel and Gehrig following him in our batting order, anything still could have happened."

Ruth is best remembered for his 1927 season, when he hit 60 homers to help the Yanks win 110 games on the way to their fifth pennant and a four-game Series conquest of the Pittsburgh Pirates. There has been considerable speculation that there has never been a finer team than the '27 Yanks, and no one who observed their first batting practice at Forbes Field would argue that point. The New Yorkers, with the Pirates looking on, hammered a deluge of baseballs into the stands, but pitching rather than slugging was the determining factor in the Series. Ruth's two homers were the only ones hit.

A year later, the Yanks slammed nine





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home runs to get revenge on the Cards in four straight games, and no one was more vengeful than the Babe, who had his finest Series ever—the greatest, in fact, of any player in the history of the game. Despite an ankle injury, Ruth bombarded St. Louis pitching at a .625 clip, still the best Series batting average ever compiled by a regular. In 16 times at bat, Ruth smashed 10 hits, including three towering home runs in the final game. Ruth's lusty work in the Series did not slack off a bit during the Yanks' roisterous train trip home, when he led his celebrating mates on a midnight pajama raid. The raiders apparently were not too particular about their objectives, a conclusion several drew the next morning when they saw manager Miller Huggins accosting each of his woozy players and inquiring, "Did you see my teeth?"

Of Ruth's 41 World Series contests, none ever generated a bigger legend than the third game of the 1932 Baseball Classic with the Cubs—the day the Bambino "called his shot." It was his last Series and, fittingly enough, one the Yanks swept in four straight by scoring a total of 37 runs. It may have been the most bitter Series as well, with rowdy bench-jockeying the standard for every game. Insults and catcalls reverberated throughout Wrigley Field when Ruth came to the plate in the fifth inning with the score tied at 4-4. Accounts of what actually happened next vary and have been embellished with time, as properly befits a legend. Some say the Babe actually pointed toward the centerfield bleachers, others that he merely held one finger aloft and said, "It only takes one to hit it." In any case, it was a blatant challenge to the Cubs and more vexing yet after Ruth hammered Charlie Root's two-and-two delivery into those same centerfield seats. Babe's brash act gave him many a chuckle in later years for while the game's attendance was listed as 49,986, Ruth once said, "There must have been half a million people at that game. At least that many have told me they were there and saw that homer."



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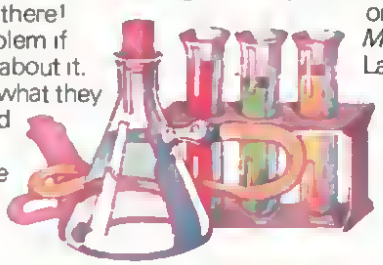
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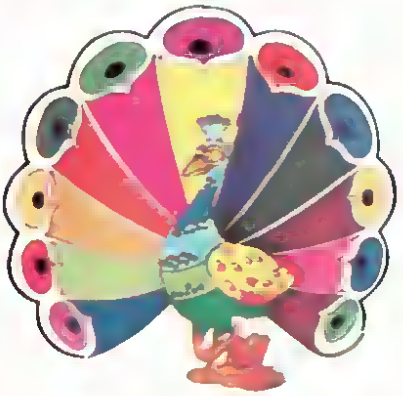
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In contrast to Ruth, who was virtually a World Series fixture, baseball's newest home run king—Aaron—participated only twice. His debut came against the Yankees in 1957, when he homered three times to help the Milwaukee Braves win it all in seven games. The next year, he was shut out on homers as the Yanks reversed a decision to complete a World Series cycle against National League teams.

Aaron's most dramatic four-bagger, needless to say, was the long-awaited No. 715 last spring in Atlanta Stadium. While it was not the happiest occasion for the Dodgers' Al Downing, who tossed the fateful pitch Aaron hit over the left field fence, it caused great joy in the home of a New Jersey baseball fan who had become the grandfather of twin boys the same day. Grandpa, in fact, told his son that if the two infants were named Henry and Aaron, he'd give each a $715 bank account and add $10 for every home run Aaron hit thereafter. The boys' parents, however, weren't keen on the idea. They named their sons William and George.

Other home runs have been almost as momentous if not as memorable. Bobby Thomson's spectacular smash off Ralph Branca in 1951 won the pennant for the Giants in the last inning of the final

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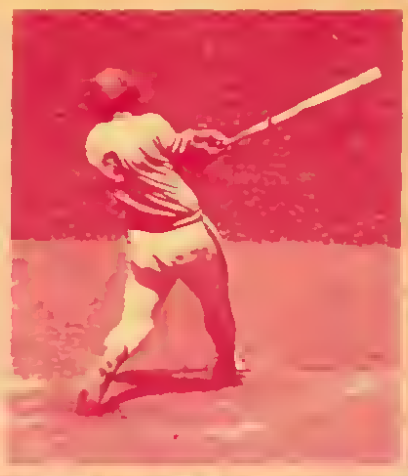
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playoff game against the Dodgers. Bill Mazeroski's ninth-inning leadoff shot in the seventh game gave a 1960 slugfest Series to the Pirates despite the Yanks' 10-4 edge in homers. In 1966, when the Orioles swept the L.A. Dodgers in four straight, respective home runs by Paul Blair and Frank Robinson meant a 1-0 Baltimore victory in the third and fourth games. Oakland's Gene Tenace improved a Walter Mitty dream in his Series debut two seasons ago when he homered his first two times at bat. The least likely hero of the A's seven-game triumph over Cincinnati, he drove in nine runs and hit four homers. Tenace, however, had no such luck last year when the A's and Mets had but six home runs—the lowest total in 26 years for a seven-game series. Reggie Jackson and Campy Campaneris accounted for the A's entire production with one each in the final game. Oakland thus became the fifth team to win a Series despite a homer deficit.

In the 10 World Series played during Ruth's slugging prime, 77 homers were hit—30 more than the previous 20 Series had witnessed and 18 more than the next 10 would see. During the Series sixth decade, however, homer production took off like a rocket and 113 were hit by various combatants. Mickey Mantle, carrying on Ruth's legacy from both sides of the plate, went into one dozen Series and emerged with a rec-

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ord 18 homers. Mantle today has recurrent dreams about his baseball career. "We might call it a nightmare instead," he has said. "In one dream I drive up to Yankee Stadium and I can't get in. In the background, I can hear the loudspeaker blaring, 'At bat, Number 7 . . . Mickey Mantle.' I try to squeeze through a hole, but I'm stuck. It's a terrible feeling."

Catcher Yogi Berra, Mantle's teammate, filled enemy pitchers with similar dread through 14 World Series covering 75 games With a talent for hitting the "bad ball," Berra played on 10 World championship teams and got 12 homers to the consternation of rival batteries. After one such homer by Berra, the opposing catcher said, "There's no way he could touch that ball. It was high, outside and he had to step over the plate just to reach it."

Trivia buffs may point out that the American League holds a 42-28 advantage over the National in World Series competition, thanks in part to a 289-187 edge in home runs. The more knowledgeable among their number will also tell you that Pittsburgh's Jimmy Sebring hit the first home run in the first game of the modern-day Series, and that Cleveland's Jim Bagby became the first pitcher to hit a Series homer in 1920, when





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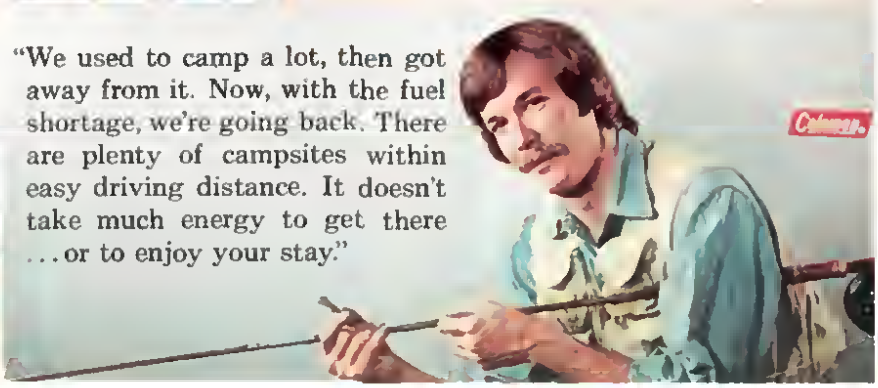
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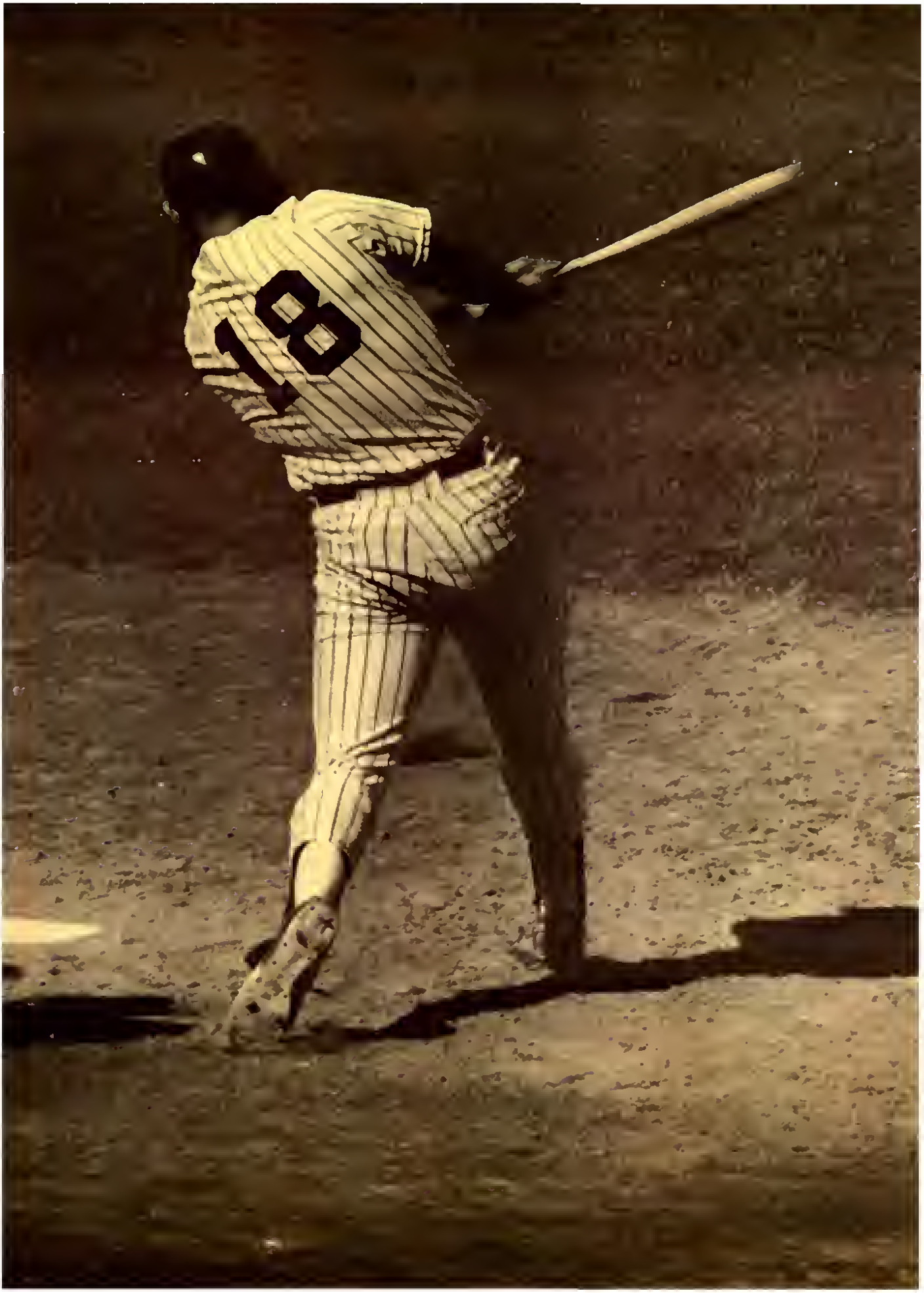
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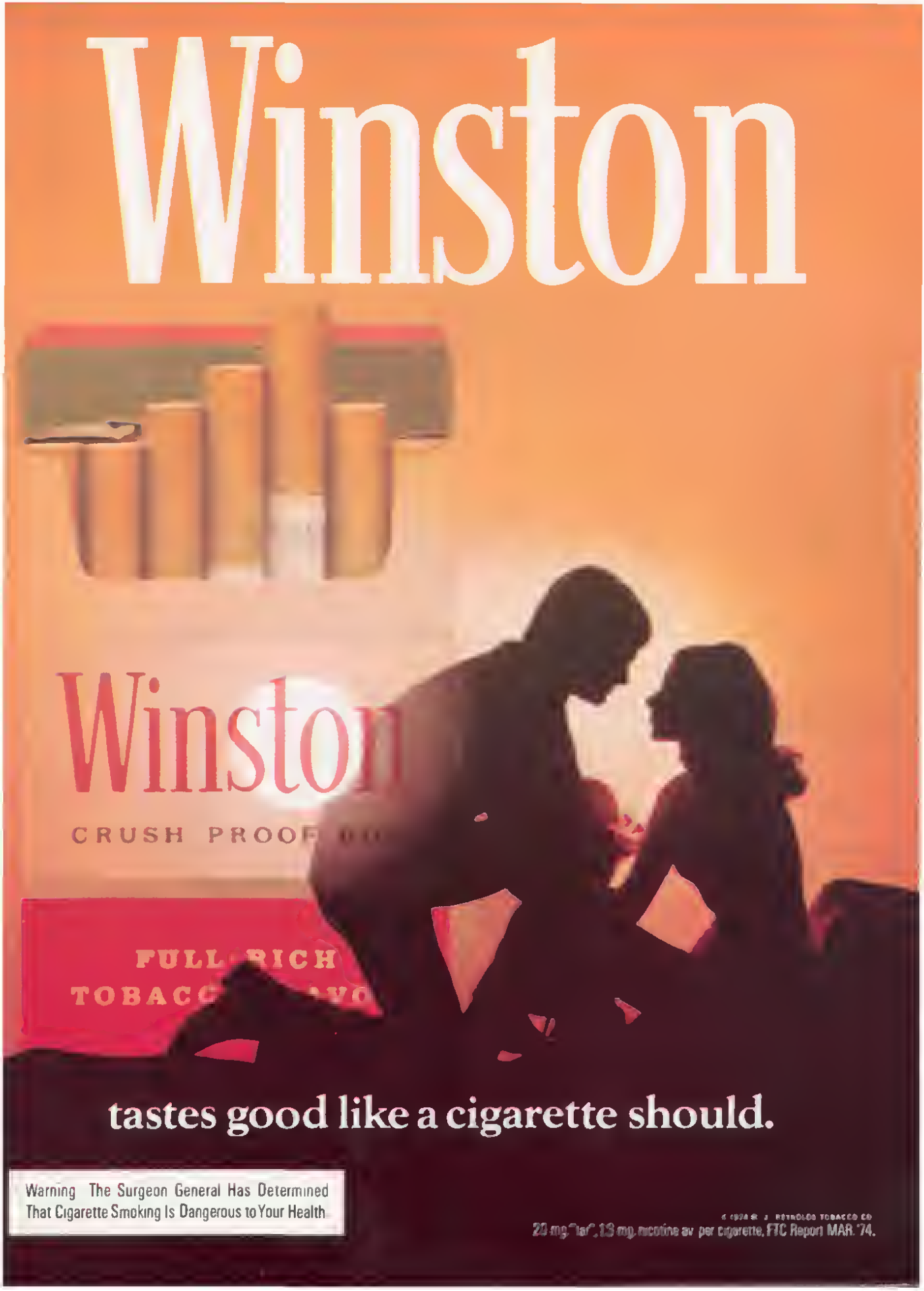
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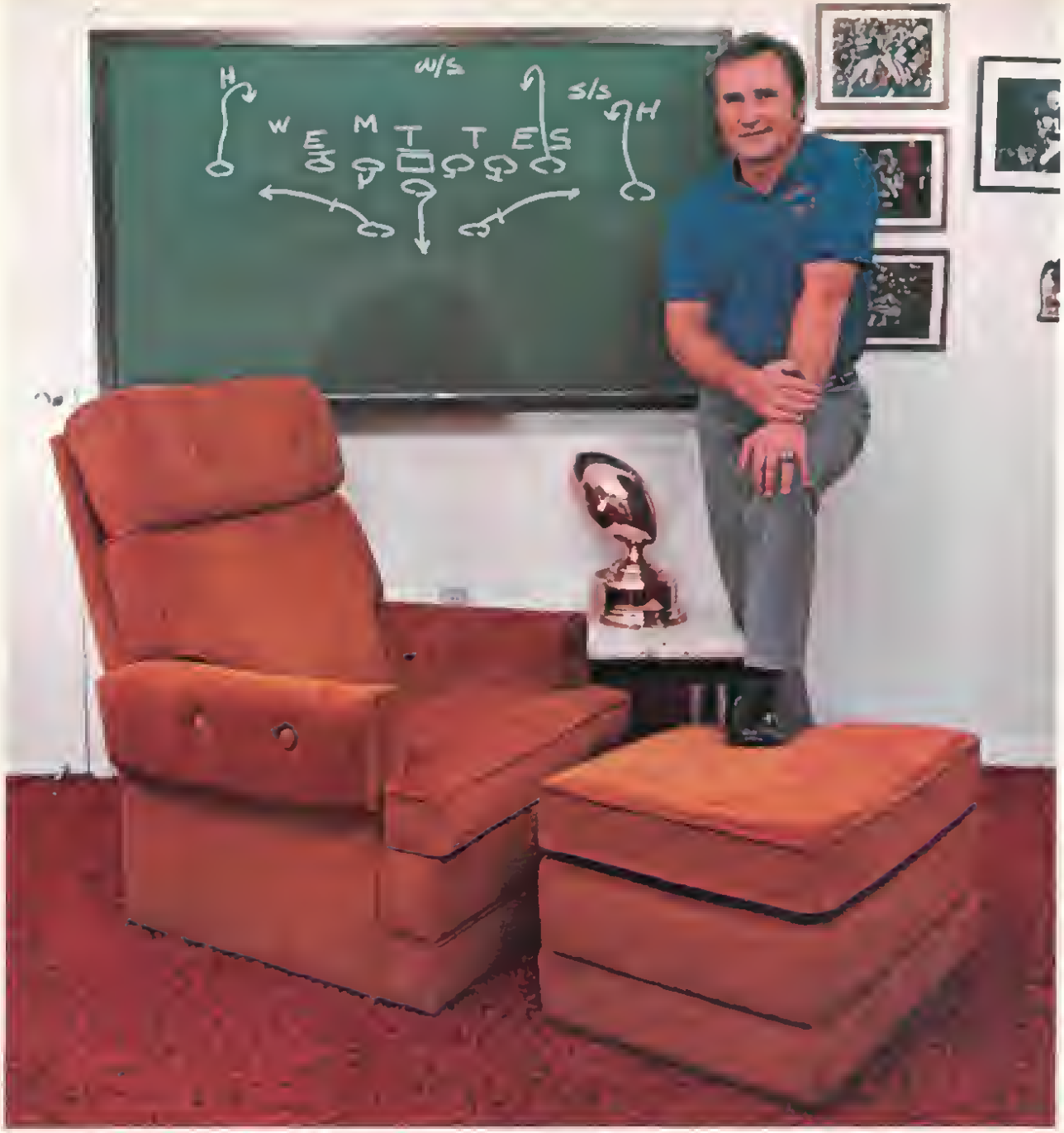
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The Notre Dame upset by Purdue last Saturday merely emphasized the crazy kind of season it quickly has become. It began with Houston getting bushwhacked by Arizona State in Tempe, not remarkable in itself except that the score was a lopsided 30–9. The next week No. 5-ranked USC was beaten badly by Arkansas 22–7 while Missouri fell to Mississippi.

But it was the third week that clearly established the pattern. Nebraska, which had given folks the impression it might be another Bob Devaney-type power, was tripped by Wisconsin. Iowa had lost 12 games in a row, but it landed on 12th-ranked UCLA like a sack of grain, winning 21–10. Penn State-Navy is often good for 40 points or so, all of them State's, but this time only 13 were scored in the rain of University Park, and Navy came away with the lucky seven. LSU, ranked ninth, fell to Texas A&M, while Houston reinforced the opinion that it was overrated by losing to Miami of Florida. And lest anyone think Arkansas was a giant after it knocked down USC, the Razorbacks proved otherwise in a 26–7 loss to Oklahoma State.

Nothing last week—in fact, all season—compared to Notre Dame's fall from power, but Arizona State and Tennessee were surprising as they managed to total 0 points while being beaten by Missouri and Auburn. In the grand tradition of the season, Oklahoma State showed that just because it beat the team that beat USC did not mean it was invincible. It lost to Baylor. And down in Lubbock, the once-proud Longhorns put on an odd display of ineffectiveness as a fine Texas Tech team cut them up into little pieces, indicating that Texas' long reign in the Southwest Conference may be over.

All the scoring at Lubbock came in the first half when the Raiders took a 26–3 lead on a six-yard run by Larry Isaac and three passes from Tommy Duniven to Lawrence Williams. "I shut our offense down in the second half," Tech Coach Jim Carlen said afterward, "because I felt it would be better to make Texas work for the score rather than risk giving them an easy one on an interception."

An easy one is precisely what the Longhorns needed because they could not do a thing for themselves. "This is about as bad as I can remember us looking offensively in a long, long time," said Darrell Royal.

Ten years, to be exact, Darrell, because that is how long it has been since Texas failed to score a touchdown against a Southwest Conference team. The loss also ended a 19-game league winning streak and was Texas Tech's first victory over the Longhorns since 1968. But beware. Texas came back that season to win the first of six straight titles.

Tech was simply overpowering in the first half, outgaining the Longhorns 248 yards to 58. Actually, Texas looked as good as ever when it went ahead 3–0 on Billy Schott's 40-yard field goal. But then the Raiders marched 80 yards in 11 plays to take a lead that grew like Topsy.

It was third and 16 on the very next possession when Tech scored again. Williams hauled in a 77-yard TD pass when Longhorn Defensive Back Terry Melancon misunderstood his coverage assignment. "I was supposed to cover deep, and I played a curl instead," he said. For his mistake, he got the taunts of Williams, who danced into the end zone with the ball held high and the home crowd cheering.

The second Duniven-Williams connection was a 17-yarder, which came on another third-and-long situation. They were back again less than a minute later when Gary Monroe recovered Alfred Jackson's fumbled kickoff at the three. A clipping penalty erased one score and set the ball back to the 18, but Williams got loose in the corner for his third reception.

In the second half Duniven's passing statistics stayed right where they were at the end of the first, seven completions in seven attempts for 145 yards and three touchdowns. And Texas, despite its big deficit, did not go to the air much, either. The Longhorns threw only eight times, completing two, and tried to make do with the Wishbone. They threatened twice, gaining first downs inside the 10, but they never could score.

With Texas down (but not out), all the Raiders have to worry about now is three consecutive games against other Top 20 teams, that is teams *now* in the Top 20—Oklahoma State, Texas A&M and Arizona. "The season is just beginning," sighed Carlen.

Meanwhile, the Longhorns have Oklahoma coming up. The Sooners should win, but don't bet on it. It's that kind of season.

THE WEEK

SOUTHWEST After threatening Oklahoma and scaring Missouri, Baylor finally upset a nationally ranked Big Eight team with a 31–14 victory over Oklahoma State. The Bears ended their nine-game losing streak in a big way, holding the Cowboys to 85 offensive yards and a couple of cheap touchdowns. Both were the result of fumble recoveries by Phillip Dokes; the first gave State the ball on the 33 and the second was corralled in the end zone. "I waited until the ball rolled in," said Dokes of the TD. "I guess it was one of

continued

the few correct plays we made all night."

His coach, Jim Stanley, would agree. "We came into this game thinking we were supermen," he said. "I guess everybody found out we weren't."

The Cowboy errors began when they fumbled the opening kickoff, setting up a field goal. That three-point margin held until the fourth quarter when Neal Jeffrey's third touchdown pass and Tailback Steve Beaird's third TD made it 31–14. "Baylor," said one fallen Cowboy, "is the most determined team we played this season."

The Southwest Conference is giving Louisiana State more trouble than it can stand. Two weeks ago the Tigers lost to Texas A&M and last week they had to struggle to tie Rice 10–10. LSU overcame seven fumbles to avoid defeat on Rusty Jackson's 27-yard field goal with three seconds left. The greater disappointment was felt by the Owl players, who squandered a 10–0 halftime lead. "It did not feel good losing—I mean tying," said Running Back Gary Ferguson.

Arkansas would have beaten Tulsa without any help, but the Golden Hurricane seemed anxious to contribute everything it could. The Razorbacks won 60–0, turning six turnovers into touchdown drives of 21, 10, 19, 18, 12 and 29 yards. Alternating Quarterbacks Mark Miller and Scott Bull accounted for five scores, one of them a 62-yard run by Miller.

1. Texas A&M (3-0)
2. Texas Tech (2-0-1) 3. Texas (2-1)

SOUTH

Before Tampa played Miami the question was not what could Freddy do, but rather, could Freddy do enough. As it turned out, Freddy did it all, but Tampa still lost 28–26. Freddy is Freddy Solomon, the finest running quarterback in the nation, of whom Miami Coach Pete Elliott once said, "I'd rather see him complete a pass than start carrying the ball." Of whom his own teammate, Tackle Darryl Carlton, says, "You never know where he's at or where he's going." And finally, of whom Miami Tailback Woody Thompson says, "I wish I had his feet."

Solomon gained 182 yards in 19 carries against the Hurricanes, scoring touchdowns of 75 and five yards and enjoying assorted other romps of 32, 27 and 25 yards. Though not a particularly good thrower, he also completed one pass for a touchdown. Tampa lost because Miami Defensive Back Paul Horshel blocked two short-range field-goal attempts by Kinney Jordan, who earlier had made good from 47 and 51 yards.

Later Solomon admitted, "Running the ball is not that much fun when you lose." But Elliott could afford to be expansive. "Fred is not just great. He's in another category."

Auburn won its third straight without allowing a touchdown from scrimmage 21–0 over Tennessee, as Ken Burks scored three times. Florida tamed Mississippi State 29–13. Bear Bryant was not happy with Alabama's 23–10 victory over Vanderbilt. "Our offense is not as good as last year's," he said, "and it isn't going to be unless we knock some people down out there."

Quarterback Matt Robinson directed the Georgia Bulldogs to a school-record 502 yards rushing and a 52–14 victory over South Carolina. Sonny Collins gained 160 yards and set up two touchdowns to lead Kentucky past Indiana 28–22. Mississippi struggled to beat Southern Mississippi 20–14.

Clemson, playing at home against Georgia Tech for the first time in their 43-game series, upset the Yellow Jackets 21–17. The Tigers won it on Mike O'Cain's fourth-down four-yard pass in the final quarter to Bennie Cunningham. Tulane also scored in the fourth quarter to edge West Virginia 17–14. "It's amazing we're unbeaten after playing so poorly," said Green Wave Quarterback Steve Foley.

Maryland entered the security of the Atlantic Coast Conference to defeat North Carolina 24–12 for its first win. Louis Carter rushed and received for 205 yards and two touchdowns. Virginia Coach Sonny Randle is winning neither friends nor games. Players have quit, the school newspaper has criticized his tough regimen, and last week Duke beat the Cavaliers 27–7. "If we can't get 11 players who will play," Randle said, "we'll forfeit. If we find 11 who will play, they'll go both ways."

In the Southern Conference, East Carolina edged visiting Southern Illinois 17–16, Furman blanked William & Mary 10–0, Richmond nipped The Citadel 27–24 and VMI blasted Davidson 43–7. Houston clobbered Virginia Tech 49–12.

1. Alabama (3-0)
2. Auburn (3-0) 3. Florida (3-0)

WEST

Washington slowed Texas A&M's running game but still suffered a 28–15 defeat when the Aggies discovered a little-used passing attack. Halfback Skip Walker scored three touchdowns, and the big play was a 61-yard screen pass from David Walker, who completed six of 11 attempts.

UCLA's first victory was a 56–14 romp past Michigan State. The game's outstanding player was Quarterback John Sciarra, who ran and passed for 237 yards and three touchdowns. "I doubt seriously there is a better all-around quarterback in the country," Coach Dick Vermeil said afterward. Sciarra got the Bruins started early by faking a pass and setting out on a 41-yard scoring jaunt on the fifth play of the game. "After that we knew we were in for a bad evening," said the Spartans' Denny Stolz.

Three other Pacific Eight teams avoided defeat by coming from behind against outside opponents. California took Army 27–14 after trailing 14–0 at halftime. Oregon recovered from a 16–3 deficit to edge Utah 23–16, and Stanford, down at one point by two touchdowns, battled San Jose State to a 21–21 tie.

Arizona won the Kit Carson Rifle Trophy by defeating Western Athletic Conference rival New Mexico 15–10. Though the victory was genuine, the rifle is not. Kit never laid his hands on it. Wyoming defeated Air Force 20–16 as freshman Quarterback Rick Costello completed 10 of 21 passes for 191 yards and a touchdown and kicked two field goals. Colorado State fell to Memphis State 20–18, and PCAA favorite San Diego State got by Texas-El Paso 26–12.

1. Arizona (3-0)
2. USC (1-1) 3. Arizona State (2-1)

EAST

Transfers—the tired, the poor and the huddled masses of college football—have turned Temple into a regional power. The Owls avenged their only loss of last year by drubbing Boston College 34–7, but Penn State, Pittsburgh and Florida A&M contributed to the victory.

Quarterback Steve Joachim, a former Nittany Lion, completed 21 of 33 passes for 205 yards and three touchdowns. Two of the scores went to Tight End Jeff Stempel, who originally intended to be a Panther. And Bob Harris, who once rattled with the Rattlers, scored another TD on a 22-yard run.

Faced with an eight-man defensive line, Joachim put the ball in the damp Philadelphia air nine times on the first 11 plays. "We just took what they gave us," Temple's Wayne Hardin said. "They sure weren't giving us the run." Joachim's passing softened up the Eagles for Henry Hynoski, who gained 138 yards in 20 carries.

"This probably was the biggest game I've ever been associated with," said Hardin, the former Navy coach. His Owls had dropped three in a row to BC by a cumulative score of 111–30.

Transfers have made the difference, and seven more will become eligible next year. "Coach Hardin reminds you about being able to play close to home," says Stempel. "You know, where your parents and friends can come and watch. Pretty soon it all begins to make sense."

North Carolina State stayed unbeaten with a surprisingly difficult 28–22 victory over Syracuse. Wolfpack Coach Lou Holtz was not one to quibble, however. "We're not like alumni," he said. "A win is a win."

After a 14–14 half, State's Roland Hooks provided the margin of victory with two third-quarter touchdowns. The close score

continued

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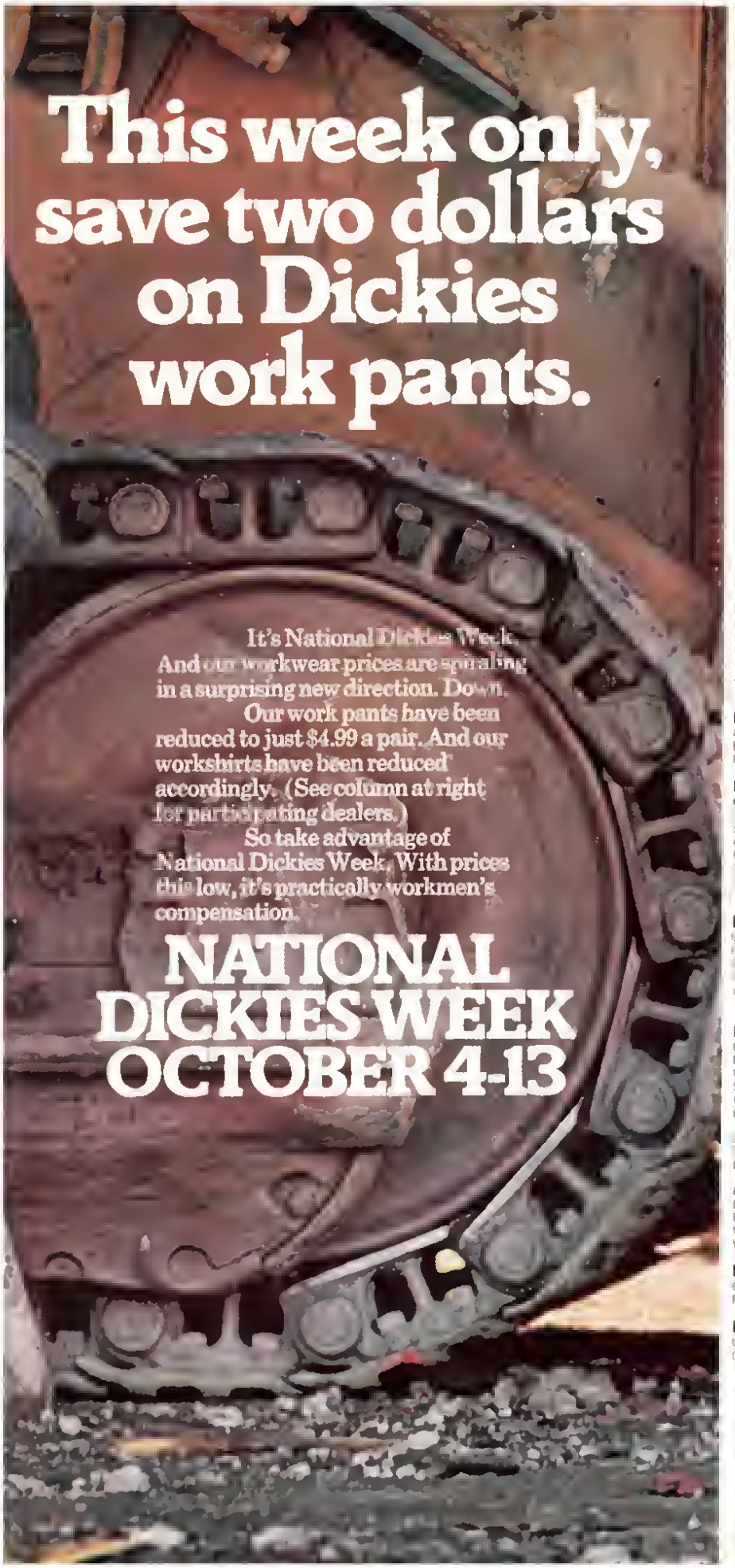
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and the Orange's 316 yards of total offense had Coach Frank Malone babbling strange things when it was over. "We can beat anybody left on the schedule," he said confidently. Someone tell Frank that Maryland, Penn State, Pittsburgh and Miami are waiting.

It was a good week for the Ivy League, which posted five victories and an unusual tie in eight games against outside opponents. On the minus side were Columbia's 15-0 defeat by Lafayette and Dartmouth's 14-0 loss to Massachusetts. The Minutemen's triumph ended a 21-game, 72-year famine against Dartmouth.

In the victories, Brown bombed Rhode Island 45-15, Cornell ripped Colgate 40-21, Yale topped Connecticut 20-7, and Harvard beat Holy Cross 24-14.

Saving the best for last—Princeton's game with Rutgers ended in a 6-6 tie because the Tigers failed to complete a two-point conversion pass after tying the game with 22 seconds left. And why, you ask, was Princeton going for two?

It seems that the visiting Rutgers fans were so certain of victory that they tore down the goal posts with two minutes left. After Referee Thomas Elliott refused to wait for an extra set to be erected, Princeton had no other choice. The Tigers' Bob Casciola said he would not protest, but even Rutgers Coach Frank Burns admitted that Princeton should have been allowed to kick for the extra point. The tie was the first in the history of the nation's oldest collegiate rivalry.

1. Pittsburgh (2-1)
2. Penn State (2-1) 3. Temple (2-0)

MIDWEST

Missouri used a little bit of offense and a whole lot of defense to throttle Arizona State 9-0. The Sun Devils managed only 117 yards rushing and never got closer than the Tiger 27. Missouri's drive for the game's only touchdown was aided by a 19-yard gain on an interception-fumble exchange. It was second and five at the Tigers' 45 when Arizona State linebacker Bob Breunig intercepted a pass at his own 40. But the ball slipped out of his hands and Mark Miller fell on it at the 36, producing a nifty 19-yard gain. Miller picked up 18 yards on the next play and seconds later caught an 18-yard scoring pass from Ray Smith.

"Arizona State came to town saying a lot of things like the Big Eight is overrated," said Smith. "Well, I think Missouri is underrated." Sun Devil Coach Frank Kush pointed to his team's 2-1 record and said, "Before the season that would have looked pretty good. But not now."

Colorado's Billy Waddy has rushed for 742 yards in his career, 353 of them in victories over Wisconsin. Waddy gained 151 yards against the Badgers Saturday and scored a touchdown in a 24-21 victory.

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Robert D. McCosh
Business Manager

Penn State used fourth-string Tight End Dave Stutts at tailback against Iowa and, though he gained only 15 yards in 12 carries, he did score two touchdowns. In winning 27–0 the Lions kept the Hawkeyes from crossing the 50 until the final minute.

Oklahoma scored six times in the first quarter against Utah State, so at halftime Coach Barry Switzer watched Texas, next week's opponent, on television. The final score was 72–3. Iowa State trounced Brigham Young 34–7 as Mike Strachan surpassed the school's career rushing record with a 119-yard effort. Kansas State went to 3-0 with a 38–7 victory over Pacific. The Wildcats have not opened this strong since 1939. Kansas swamped Florida State 40–9.

After Ohio State beat Southern Methodist 28–9, it was Woody Hayes himself who pointed out, "We didn't work on this team like we might some others." The Buckeye fullbacks carried only four times for five yards, but Tailback Archie Griffin gained his normal 159 and Wingback Brian Baschnagel got loose for 140 on only seven tries. Griffin and Baschnagel also scored twice. Woody explained that the big reason he did not run his fullbacks more "weighed 275 pounds and was really special. I don't know his name or his number." Name's Louie Kelcher, coach; number's 72. Plays tackle for SMU.

Illinois nipped Washington State 21–19, Minnesota edged Texas Christian 9–7 and Michigan bludgeoned Navy 52–0. The Wolverines treated their second-largest crowd ever, 104,232, to 26 first downs and 459 yards of total offense. Gordon Bell ran for three TDs and Chuck Heater two. "We got inundated," said Navy's George Welsh. Illinois trailed 10–0 at the half, took the lead for a while, but had to pull the game out in the final minute. After a holding penalty erased one scoring toss, Jeff Hollenbach found Jeff Chrystal with another, from 22 yards out with 34 seconds remaining. Minnesota survived when TCU missed a 40-yard field goal with 12 seconds left.

1. Ohio State (3-0)

2. Michigan (3-0) 3. Oklahoma (2-0)

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE. Missouri Tackle Mark Johnson, a 6'3", 233-pound senior, spearheaded the Tiger defense that handed Arizona State its first shutout in 97 games, dating back to 1965. Johnson took part in 11 tackles, several for losses.

OFFENSE: Texas Tech Quarterback Tommy Duniven, a sophomore who was redshirted last year, completed all seven passes he attempted against Texas, for 145 yards and three touchdowns, as the Red Raiders triumphed 26–3.



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3 **Grand Prize,** to be awarded to the winning entry includes round trip air travel for two from winner's home city to New Orleans La hotel motel accommodations in New Orleans for three days and nights including meals Two reserved seats at Super Bowl IX on January 12 1975 plus $5 000 The Paris portion includes air travel from New Orleans or winner's home city to Paris return to winner's home city hotel accommodations in Paris for 6 nights 7 days including meals **Alternate Equivalent Grand Prize** is $10 000
4 779 additional prizes will be awarded
4 First Prizes—Magnavox 19 (diagonal) Color TVs Videomatic Model CD 4360—Retail Value $457 15 each,
25 Second Prizes Magnavox Stereo AM/FM Receivers with 8 Track Player Model No ED1900—Retail Value $159 95 each **750 Third Prizes**—Kodak Pocket Instamatic Cameras Model A10-RE—Retail Value $24 95 each
5 Prizes are non transferable Only one prize to a family Liability for taxes is responsibility of the winners The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received All prizes will be awarded Winners may be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility
6 Sweepstakes is nationwide and open to all residents of continental United States Alaska and Hawaii except employees (and their families) of Union Carbide Corp and of its subsidiaries affiliated companies advertising agencies and judging agencies Void in Georgia, Missouri and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law
7 All winners will be notified by mail A list of winners will be furnished two months after the close of the contest to anyone who sends a stamped self addressed envelope to Eveready Winners P O Box 203 Pound Ridge N Y 10576 Please do not send entries to this box number

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NFL

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Ford Mustang II. The success

New Ghia styling. New exciting choices and features. Even a V-8. Look





In its first year Mustang II ran away from all its so-called "competition" combined.

And for '75, we've made Mustang II more exciting than ever.

With a new V-8 available. An even more luxurious Ghia model.

An even more impressive list of standard features.

An even wider choice of exciting options.

Here's one small car that's still so new you've got to see it all over again in 1975.

Look close at Mustang II Ghia. From its sleek lines, to its new grille, to its classic opera windows and half vinyl roof, you are looking at a small car with an unusually high level of style and luxury. Standard equipment includes 4-speed floor mounted transmission, plush bucket seats, quartz crystal digital clock, and thick carpeting. Even carpeting in the trunk.



car of '74 is doing it again in '75.

close and you'll see Mustang II has even more going for you in '75.



Car shown with optional 302 V-8, cast aluminum spoke wheels, console, automatic transmission, AM-FM stereo radio

Look close at Mustang II's new standard features. To the already long and impressive list of Mustang II equipment, we've added two very important economy features for '75:

- Steel-belted radial ply tires for improved gas mileage.
- Solid-state ignition, which requires less maintenance than conventional systems.

When you add these to all the other standard features of the Mustang II, and the wide range of exciting options, you can appreciate why in sales, in quality, in value, this small car is in a class of its own.

Look close at the model and engine choice. (There's even a small V-8.) This year Mustang II offers a choice of three economical engines. A standard overhead cam 4, an optional V-6 or the newly available 302 V-8.

For '75, in addition to the Ghia model, there's also a 2-door hardtop, a 3-door 2+2, and a sporty Mach 1.

There's even a special new Ghia. The Silver Ghia. The Silver Luxury Group option makes this Silver Ghia special because of features like the cranberry crushed velour seating area, silver metallic finish, exclusive trim and ornamentation. There's even a one-way glass moonroof available. Look close at Ford Mustang II for 1975: at the craftsmanship that's gone into it; and the unusually complete list of standard features.

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The closer you look, the better we look.

FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION Ford

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When we invented the steel-belted radial tire back in 1948, we designed it for performance, safety and long mileage*. But the gas savings—sometimes as much as 10%—just came naturally. There's no better time than now to switch to Michelin 'X' tires—for more reasons than one. Get them now at your Michelin dealer.



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*40,000 Mile Warranty—Michelin's Warranty for X Radial Highway Passenger Tire shown here and Michelin ZX Radial Passenger Tire covers tread life, normal road hazards (excluding repairable punctures) and defects in workmanship and materials for 40,000 miles, when tire is used on passenger vehicles in normal service in continental United States, except Alaska. Credit or refunds (at Michelin's option) is equal to current actual selling price multiplied by percentage of warranted mileage not run on tire.

Only fans were a myth

The Griffins were real high-flying cats as Rochester soared past Philly to the title. Their next aerial act may be a flight to Pittsburgh

It is not often that a city has a team win a major pro championship, then threaten to move before the champagne puddles dry out on the locker-room rug. But that is what happened to Rochester, N.Y. last week when the fast, feisty Griffins defeated the Philadelphia Wings 14–12 in the sixth and deciding game of the National Lacrosse League's first championship playoffs and then continued to make plans to skip town.

As befits an event of such epic magnitude, the final game ended with the fans at Rochester's War Memorial Arena bellowing, "We're No. 1, we're No. 1." It was an ironic cheer for a club whose ticket office number might as well have been unlisted for both the playoffs and the regular season. For the series clincher a typically undersized crowd of 2,525 filed into the decrepit War Memorial, their number increased by 50 Philly fanatics who had driven six hours to watch the contest.

Because this remarkable Rochester team attracted such unremarkable attention, it is more than likely that the Griffs very soon will pack up their sticks, gloves and the Nations Trophy symbolic of their recent conquest and move to Pittsburgh. While the NLL season therefore may have ended in the wrong town, there is no doubt that it was finished off by the right team in an exciting best-of-seven playoff that, for all who witnessed it, leaves the World Series with a tough act to follow.

Box lacrosse is hockey at room temperature. It is thus bereft of such time-consuming ploys as icing the puck but it is as thoroughly dominated by Canadians as hockey is. The box game combines the best features of outdoor field lacrosse with elements of basketball, hockey, soccer and thermonuclear holocaust.

If a single season is sufficient test, this blend has a future in the glutted market of professional sports, at least in Philadelphia. The Wings averaged 8,719 for their 20 regular-season home games and drew 24,256 more to the Spectrum for three playoff dates against Rochester. While finishing first with a 27-13 record during the NLL's regular season, Philadelphia was blessed with palpable indications of rabid fan support, such as bedsheet banners, posters impugning the virility of various rivals and honest-to-goodness all-American groupies.

Wings' crowds were dominated by teen-agers and pre-adolescents who, lacking the bread required to sit in awe of the hockey Flyers, transferred their affections to the lacrosse team. Sadly for the new NLL champions, that was hardly the case in Rochester, where absentee ownership, inept promotion and an ill-conceived attempt to scare up crowds by threatening to move the franchise added up to empty seats.

Fan support is only one of many contrasts between the series finalists. The Griffins, the most exciting NLL team, employ a free-wheeling, fast-break offense. The Wings are slower and more disciplined, with patterns and picks designed to exploit their deadly shooting. In the goal Philadelphia's 5′11″, 197-pound Wayne Platt rarely ranges far from the net, while Rochester's Merv Marshall not only roams into the corners to save his defensemen the work of clearing loose balls, but also advances over the center line in short-handed situations to assist in killing penalties.

An even bigger difference between the two clubs is their coaches, who have about as much in common as David Niven and Alice Cooper. Philadelphia's Bobby Allan, a soft-spoken, balding high school vice-principal in Peterborough, Ontario, the hometown of 12 of his Wings, is a polite, cool-headed man who is much respected in lacrosse circles. Allan seldom loses his temper over referees' decisions and refused to criticize any of his players for the Wings' defeat in the playoffs.

Behind the Rochester bench, perhaps

continued



MERV MARSHALL WAS ALL OVER THE FLOOR, MAKING SAVES AND KILLING PENALTIES

providing his team with the edge it needed in this series, was Morley Kells. A brash, dapper, 38-year-old combination of George Allen, Norm Van Brocklin and Sammy Glick, Kells is variously feared, reviled and admired by his peers, who all seemed to agree: "He'll do anything to win." Kells is a man with limited tolerance for error. During one playoff leading to the Nations Trophy series, he suspended a player while a game was in progress for repeating a mistake.

Kells is most often criticized for "Gamesmanship"—bending, if not fracturing, the rules and, well, doing anything to win. When someone broke into the Wings' locker room preceding the fourth game in Rochester and stole 13 pairs of the visitors' shoes along with some gloves, sticks and other gear, several lacrosse people facetiously suggested that Kells was probably at the bottom of the whole thing. A similar complaint was heard during the decisive game when the air conditioning was not working.

When a timer's decision at the War Memorial Arena proved costly to Rochester in the fourth game, one angry Griffin, Dave Wilfong, had to be physically restrained from hitting the official. Kells defended his player's outburst. "He should have gone after the guy belligerently," Kells said. "Davie Wilfong's played half his life trying to get on a winner and he shouldn't be messed up by a lousy timekeeper."

"Yeah," said a bystander. "But does that mean he should attack the guy?"

"In the NHL they call that 'color,' " Kells said. "Here they call it attacking."

Before the series moved back to the emptiness of War Memorial for the final game, Kells also got into a beef with his bosses over television. Accusing Philadelphia's Channel 29 of interrupting the last period of game four eight times with 30-second commercials, Kells fired off a stiff telegram to Wings Owner Ed Tepper. It read: NO TV PERMITTED FOR SATURDAY GAME.

A few hours later Tepper got another wire, this one from Tad and Tom Potter, the Griffin owners. It read: DISREGARD ANY REQUEST FOR CANCELLATION OF TELEVISION BROADCAST. . . . WE CONSIDER THIS A NECESSARY AND IMPORTANT USE OF PUBLIC EXPOSURE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ENTIRE NATIONAL LACROSSE LEAGUE.

That trivial setback hardly kept Kells from hammering away at Philly from all angles. At the start of the series he suggested that the Wings undoubtedly were weary from their labors against the Maryland Arrows, who took them through two overtime games before losing in the semifinal. And after the Griffs jumped off to a 2-1 lead in games, it seemed he might be right.

Playing in Rochester before 1,786, the Wings forgot their fatigue long enough in the fourth game to gain an 11–10 victory and even the series at 2-2. But thereafter Kells' analysis of Philly's problems proved a precise prediction of what occurred. Missing loose balls, sluggishly bobbling passes and failing to fall back on defense in time to halt Rochester



breakaways, the Wings lost 13–9 at home before 10,179 fans.

"We think Philly is tired," Kells said. "No matter how well they play they can't stay with us after the 15-minute mark. We've got the runners and they're getting worn out chasing us. They don't look like they have the zip they had earlier in the year. Back then if you made a mistake against them, the ball was in the net before you knew it."

"If I could pinpoint our trouble I'd be a magician," Allan said of his erratic Wings after the fifth game. "The low point tonight was when we had the man advantage and they kept the ball away from us through the whole penalty."

Kells could thank Marshall for that. Coming from the crease to the attacking zone, Marshall and his mates played keep-away until their team was at full strength.

Neither side looked tired when the series returned to Rochester for game six. If anything, the Wings played with more zest than the Griffins, taking a 6–2 lead after 14½ minutes before Rochester closed to 6–4 at the end of the first period. The teams combined for six goals during a 2:27 span of the second period, and in the third the Griffs edged to a 13–11 lead that set the stage for Kells' most devious gambit—or the worst officiating call—of the series.

With 4:35 left to play in the final period, Wing John Grant's second goal cut the Rochester lead to one, and 29 seconds later the Griffs lost Rick Bisson on a roughing penalty. Philadelphia was on the verge of bouncing back into a tie game—and perhaps a tied series that would have meant the home-floor advantage for the Wings in the seventh game.

Among its numerous peculiarities the War Memorial includes bench areas that were built, says Kells, "by some idiot." There is only a single gate through the boards in front of each bench, instead of the usual two. Changing lines invariably results in a jam-up of players entering and leaving the floor. When Rochester's Len Powers happened to mingle with the traffic at the Philly gate during those critical moments of game six, the Wings became snarled up, got caught with too many men on the floor, drew a bench penalty and lost their man advantage.

"In this arena and in this game, that was the most ridiculous call of the year," said a Philly player. For the Wings it was even worse than that. At 2:06 Bisson swooped out of the box at the conclusion of his penalty, stole the ball and fired a quick pass to Brian Bowman, who beat Platt on a drive to seal the championship for Rochester.

Few though they were, the Rochester fans were ecstatic. They mobbed Marshall in a communal check against the board as he tried to escape to the cramped, steamy basement locker room that Rochester's minor league hockey team had forced the Griffins to use. The place turned even more humid than usual as a shower of champagne doused everyone. It was the kind of celebration Rochester probably will not see again. END



GOLF / *Barry McDermott*

Age was no bar to his par

On Dale Morey's first time out with the amateur senior swingers, he won the U.S. title at Hilton Head

In a juvenile world distrustful of anyone who does not eat pizza for breakfast and listen to cement rock music, the term senior is hardly prestigious. Senior is old, out of date, over the hill. Senior is croquet.

Thus, senior golf conjures up images of doddering creatures creeping down the fairways in wheelchairs with seat belts fastened, with oxygen bottles and canes in their golf bags and nurses as their caddies. But did you ever see a senior golfer with a fast backswing, or one who could not chip and putt? Jack La Lanne is their guru, Frasier the Lion their sex symbol and Sam Snead their rock star. Their motto is: We're not getting older, we're getting better.

That slogan held true as the senior golfers gathered on Hilton Head Island, S.C. last week. All the players were 55 or older, none were decrepit or infirm and several performed as if it were the U.S. Open instead of the USGA Senior Amateur Championship. Dale Morey won the title, and he had a busy week: 36 holes of qualifying and five matches in four days over the Harbour Town Golf Links, a rigorous, intolerant course that never lets your concentration take a coffee break. It was an arduous assignment and Morey finished it with a broad smile on his face and a bounce in his walk, beating Lew Oehmig 4 and 2 in the final on Saturday.

The setting for the week of golf was perfect. The tournament host was the Sea Pines Plantation, one of those planned communities for the retired rich who want the ocean in the backyard, a golf course out front, a tennis court on one side, a yacht basin on the other and pine trees all around their plush houses. You need a gate pass and a credit statement to get in and even the sanitation workers wear alligator shoes.

The course fit the players as neatly as a striped tie and vest. The Harbour Town layout is subtle, with fairways tightened by dense stands of pine trees and greens made to appear minuscule by devious bunkering and still, black water in ponds that nestle up against their sides. It was target golf instead of power golf. "This course makes you feel like every shot is a crisis," said Ed Tutwiler.

Like Morey and defending champion Bill Hyndman, Tutwiler is a past member of Walker Cup teams and, unlike a number of their peers, all three have stuck with the game and kept their competitive edge. Each has been runner-up in the U.S. Amateur, a tournament they have collectively qualified for more than 50 times. This year Hyndman went to the fourth round of the Amateur before losing and Tutwiler lost to the eventual champion, Jerry Pate.

Golf is a game for salesmen. Tutwiler is a Cadillac dealer in Indianapolis; Morey sells furniture in High Point, N.C.; Hyndman is an insurance broker in Philadelphia. "I'm not so sure that these young kids wouldn't be smarter to play amateur golf and work in business instead of turning pro," said Tutwiler. "Golf has opened the doors for me." Then he went out and captured the qualifying medal with 74-70–144 and described what it was like to be 55 and trying to keep your game from disintegrating. "Your mind is willing but you just can't make the parts always work." The tournament's oldest player, J. Ripley Greer, a 70-year-old real estate man from Memphis, could not get his parts synchronized and failed to qualify. Greer plays golf often, finds it an elixir and never rides in an electric cart. "I figure golf has added 10 to 15 years to my life," he said.

This Seniors was also a reunion, of course. In the evenings the competitors gathered for dinner and reminisced about past glories. Older women talk about faded beauty. Senior golfers talk about faded tee shots. One of them, John David of Indianapolis, who is nicknamed "Bomber," was once reputed to be among the longest hitters in golf. His best measured tee shot was 368 yards and, although an amateur, he beat Jimmy Thomson and Sam Snead and all of the other long-driving pros of the time in a contest at the 1941 All-American tournament at the Tam O'Shanter course in Chicago. In fact, David was matched against the legendary Thomson in five driving contests and won three of them. In the Seniors, however, he shot 87-85 and failed to qualify. "Bomber," Tutwiler told him, "you're using the same clubs you used 20 years ago and they're too heavy for you. You've got to adjust."

All the favorites made it through their opening matches, although Hyndman needed 19 holes to beat Bob Cochran on Wednesday and Tutwiler had to go 19 holes against Truman Connell Thursday morning.

The Thursday afternoon quarterfinals saw Oehmig beat Hyndman by shooting a 32 on the back nine. Oehmig, who won the Seniors in 1972, is a 58-year-old banker from Lookout Mountain, Tenn. and the former head of the First Flight Golf Company.

Meanwhile, Morey was trampling the opposition. He won four of the first five holes of his opening match, and had a total score of one under par against his first three opponents. Morey is an advocate of physical fitness and each morning he was up early for a zesty two-mile jog before teeing off. He gulped his vitamins regularly, sipped health drinks and retired early each evening, along with his roommate, Tutwiler. Both players were making their first appearance in the tournament and each wanted the title, pointing out that it was comparable to the Miss Teenage America crown—you only have a few years in which to win it.

Morey was once a pro in two sports, golf and basketball. He played the golf circuit as a youngster but quit to play basketball with the Anderson Packers after he shot his best round, a 64 in the Montgomery Open, and Ben Hogan came in with a 63. A few years later he regained his amateur status in golf.

Morey and Tutwiler were paired in the semifinals on Friday and caution seemed

continued

to be Morey's style. He had gauged the course with a measuring wheel to get the exact yardages to the greens and gave Tutwiler a copy of the information before the tournament. "Now he wants it back," Tut said.

The match was close until the 15th hole, where Morey saved a par with a dandy chip and Tutwiler three-putted to lose a hole he seemed certain to win. Morey went on to register a 3 and 2 victory, then graciously drove Tutwiler to the airport. "I wouldn't mind driving all of them there," he said.

Oehmig moved into the final with a victory over the gloriously euphorious Norando Nannini of Chicago that was almost as much the result of luck as of skill. On the 17th, Oehmig was faced with an exceedingly difficult pitch shot, but his ball had landed near a flight of wooden steps leading down into a bunker and he was given a free drop that moved him up onto the fringe of the green. He went on to win two up.

The bane of Morey's game is a duck hook, a deadly fault on a course like Harbour Town. But throughout the week he controlled his driver, and his confidence surged in the final against Oehmig. He birdied the first two par-5s, hitting a pair of solid wood shots at each, and regularly outdrove Oehmig by as much as 30 yards. At the turn, Morey's lead was three up, but by virtue of some minor miracles like a chip-in at the 12th hole, Oehmig managed to trail by only a hole going to the 14th. There, something happened that canceled whatever good fortune the banker may have enjoyed against Nannini. Oehmig was on the edge of the green, preparing to chip when he grounded his club in what was clearly defined as a hazard. He instantly realized his error, looking like a man who had just snubbed a stop sign and then caught sight of a police car a few feet away. He lost the hole, and the next, and the next, and Morey won 4 and 2.

The triumph was sublime for the man from High Point. It was his first national title, although he had come close in the 1953 U.S. Amateur when victory had been snatched from him by Gene Littler's 40-foot putt on the last hole. Now, 21 years later, he had proved that you are never too old to win. **END**



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The World was in a mess

The World Football League was, at any rate, as franchises shifted, teams missed paydays and attendance drifted from poor to pitiful

The troubles besetting the World Football League reached a ridiculous point last week at New York's Downing Stadium. Before a game between the New York Stars and the Detroit Wheels, the Wheels were told that their team had filed for bankruptcy. After the game the Stars were told that their franchise was moving to Charlotte, N.C.

This bleak-news doubleheader marked a week in which the WFL had more things happen to shake its credibility than all previous disasters combined. First, the league office was obliged to take over control of the Houston Texans from R. Steven Arnold, one of the WFL's founding fathers, and move it to Shreveport, La. (where the Texans were renamed the Steamer). Owner Arnold's get-rich-quick scheme had turned into a nightmare. On the Texans' final day of practice in Houston, a bus driver refused to take the team to Rice University for its workout unless he was first paid the $61 bus-rental fee. The temporary suspension of Coach Jim Garrett was made permanent after he called the team's new city "rinky-dink," and an interim coach was hired after a league-appointed temporary coach had run things for a few days. Quarterback Mike Taliaferro declined to move from Houston to Shreveport and retired. A Houston newspaperman said, "The Texans left town just like they came: broke, disorganized and unwanted." The sardonic syndicated column *The Bottom Ten*, which purports to rate the worst college football teams in the country, had Houston-Shreveport ranked 16th.

Some 700 miles east of Shreveport, the WFL took over control of the Jacksonville Sharks, which had been unable to meet player payrolls for four weeks, even though the team was second in the league in attendance. Shark players said they would not make the trip cross-country for a game with the Southern California Sun unless they got their pay. WFL Commissioner Gary Davidson lured them West with a promise of a payday then came up with a game's salary. The league was trying to peddle the Sharks to anyone who would assume the team's debts.

South of Jacksonville, the Florida Blazers were suffering in Orlando's pathetic Tangerine Bowl. They, too, had missed a payday. Ticket prices for endzone seats had dropped from the $7 range to $2.50, but attendance sagged anyway. Managing General Partner Rommie Loudd, who had been hassling with city officials, was trying to schedule his team's remaining home games in Tampa and Atlanta. Neither place was interested.

As the league met this week to decide the fate of the shaky franchises, the picture was, to say the least, gloomy. The Eastern Division was a shambles. Beyond the two troubled Florida teams and the peripatetic New York/Charlotte club, there was only the Philadelphia Bell, still suffering from the adverse publicity of a ticket-count scandal earlier in the season, in which it was disclosed that of 120,000 people who had attended the team's first two games, more than 100,000 got in free.

Southern California was running away with the Western Division, but its owner, Larry Hatfield, had been indicted by a federal grand jury on three counts of making false statements to obtain bank loans, one of which went to the Sun. Portland needed a new stadium. The Hawaiians had to switch their games from Sunday afternoon to Wednesday night because of poor attendance. And then there was Houston/Shreveport.

Only the Central Division held any promise. The Birmingham Americans and the Memphis Southmen, the WFL's two strongest teams at the bank and on the field, were fighting for first place, but the Chicago Fire, after an encouraging start, and encouraging support in Chicago, was hovering near .500 and attendance was diminishing. The Fire was trying out new players as though the team were still in training camp. Departing Tackle Steve Wright, a 10-year NFL veteran, said, "Our locker room looked like a bus station."

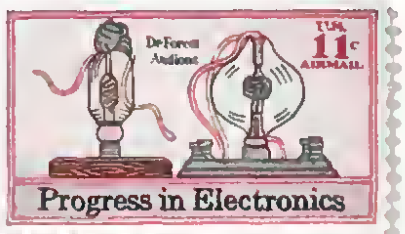
And the Central Division's fourth team was dismal Detroit. With only one win in 13 games the Wheels would have been the league's laughingstock even if they had been making money, but tales of their financial woes were beginning to rival those of the infant New York Ti-

continued

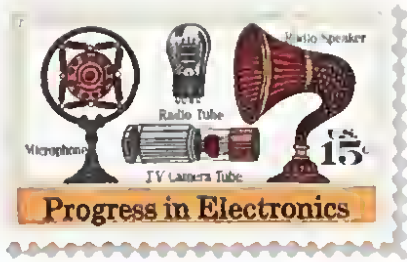


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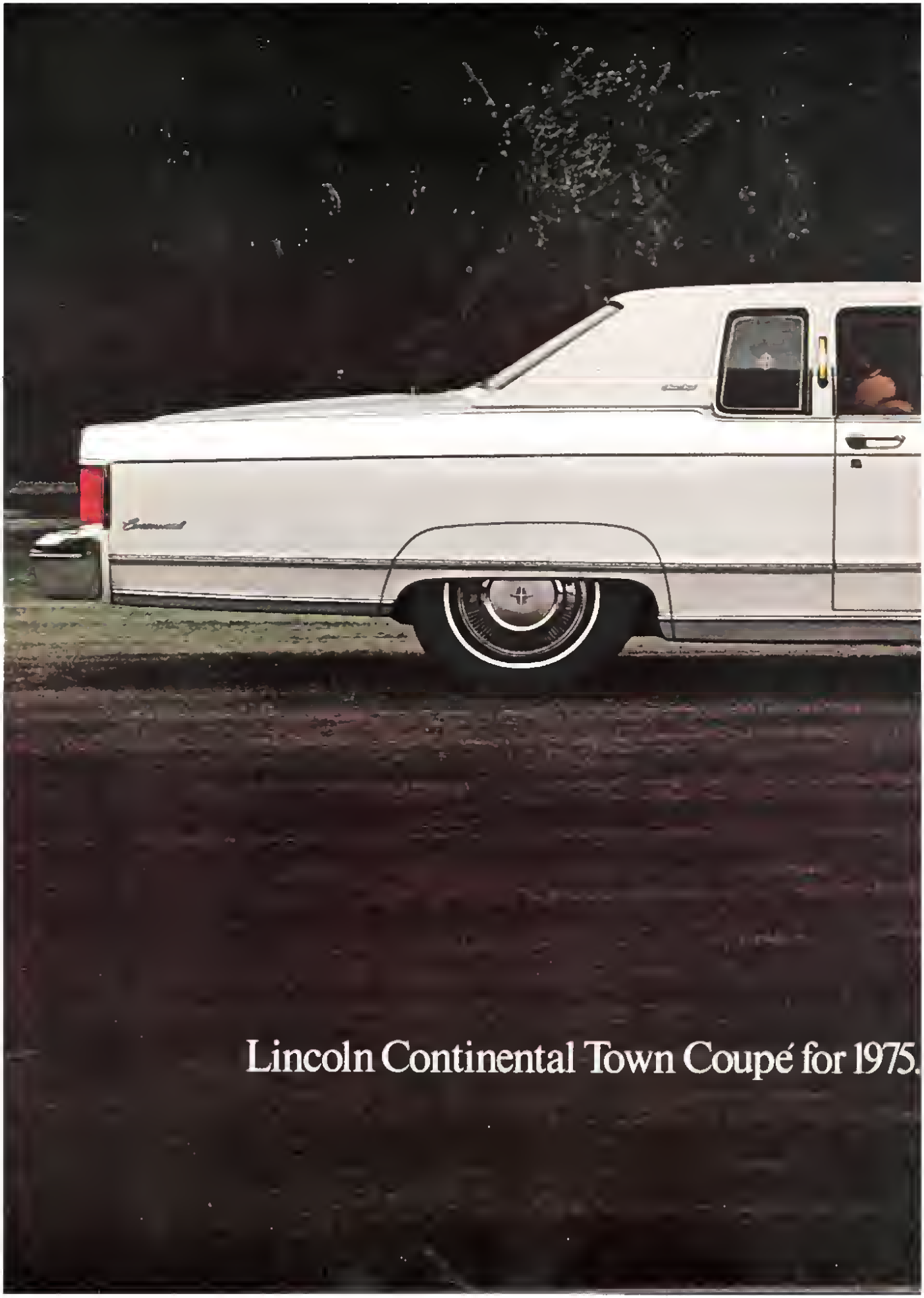




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Inside, the traditional luxury of the Continentals' interior excel for 1975, with leathers, velours and vinyls to choose from and upholstery styles that look as rich as they feel.

The new driving ease of Continental

The engineering improvements in the 1975 Continentals center around the concept of driving ease, ease of handling, and ease of stopping. Basic to this concept is a central power reservoir that provides the Continental's hydraulic power. It supplies the power for our new rotary valve steering gear, a system which reduces steering effort of the 1975 Continentals.

It also supplies the power for our new Hydro-boost braking, a system that provides positive braking with even pedal pressure.

And it powers the Lincoln Continentals' optional four-wheel disc brakes, for more fade-resistant braking.

The switch to Continental

Over the last three years, a nationwide survey projects that over 33,000 drivers of the other luxury car have switched to the Continentals: Lincoln Continental and Continental Mark IV.

See the redesigned Continentals for 1975.

Judge any luxury car by our car.

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

tans of the old AFL. The Wheels ran out of adhesive tape and had to borrow some from opposing teams. Once they could not afford to get their uniforms out of the laundry and had to cancel practice. One player said he could not even get a shoelace when be needed one. The team could not afford to have its games filmed. The Wheels did not pay a printing bill and had to do without programs at one game. Attendance at Rynearson Stadium in Ypsilanti, 35 miles from downtown Detroit, was pitiful. During the second half of one game, fans amused themselves by playing frisbee. When the P.A. system blared, "The Wheels will play out of town next week," spectators cheered.

Then there was the news that the New York Stars had fled to Charlotte. One reason given for the switch was the condition of the turf at Downing Stadium, which was bad. But the stadium was dimly lit, too, and all but inaccessible by mass transit. Attendance was lousy. Even so, leaving New York defied the axiom that a new league must have a team in that city. The wire services are based there, the tbree big TV networks have their headquarters there, and so do most of the advertising agencies whose purchases of air time make lucrative TV packages possible. A New York area franchise keeps a new league in view, although the early history of the Titans, the ABA's New Jersey Americans and the WHA's Raiders-Golden Blades makes it clear that no new league has easy going in the big city. Even as it moved the Stars out, the WFL awarded an expansion franchise to New York, supposedly to become functional when a rebuilt Yankee Stadium is ready in 1976.

In the meantime, noting that there were franchises currently in Birmingham, Memphis, Shreveport, Charlotte, Jacksonville and Orlando, some officials were worrying out loud that the WFL was becoming a Southern League, which would condemn it to minor league status, at least from television's point of view.

Yet with all the trouble, reports of the WFL's imminent death seemed exaggerated. The turbulence was similar to the growing pains common to most new leagues. The more immediate problem was acquiring capital, the prime ingredient in any business.

Davidson got the WFL off the drawing board and onto the playing field in less than a year by sidestepping most problems of capitalization. Realizing that it would take ages to locate and interest "12 Lamar Hunts," who could sustain losses for years, he settled for finding 12 people or groups with enough money to get the product on the field. He then hoped to sell the product so hard that the promise of success would bring the Lamar Hunts out into the open, eager to buy. In effect, he put the cart before the horse.

For a time Davidson's plan worked beautifully. He found backers, although he admits, "We made mistakes in ownership selection. We let people come into the league because of the time frame that we might have held back on if we had decided to start play in 1975 instead of 1974."

Still, the selling of the league was sensational, highlighted by the signing of Miami Dolphin stars Larry Csonka, Jim Kiick and Paul Warfield. A few days after that breakthrough, the WFL scored another coup by signing contracts with the TVS sports network that guaranteed it a nationally televised game each week. (The ABA and the WHA do not have that yet.) Huge crowds tbe first week made the WFL seem an instant success.

Here, unfortunately, Davidson's plan ground to a halt. The Lamar Hunts did not materialize. "The timing for the WFL was right and wrong," moaned Jacksonville Owner Fran Monaco, who quickly began to take his lumps. "It's right for football, but this is the wrong time in the economy." Monaco was resourceful. He managed to meet one payroll by borrowing $27,000 from his coach, Bud Asher, whom he then fired. And now Monaco is gone.

"Any new league is going to have problems," said John Bassett, the Canadian who owns the Memphis Southmen, one of the few WFL teams that seemed to have no financial worries, and the man who signed Csonka, Kiick and Warfield. "The only thing that scares me is something I never anticipated, the general economic condition of the country. Money is tight, whether you're running a shoe factory or a football franchise. A couple of years ago people were lined up in droves for the chance to finance a professional team, for ego or whatever purposes. Those people aren't around anymore."

The franchise difficulties ended Davidson's talk of worldwide expansion to an intercontinental league. "I'm more for consolidation and solidification in 1975, rather than expanding to new cities," he said last week. "We probably should have started with 10 teams instead of 12 and made them all solid in ownership and funding."

The remedy the WFL was attempting for its woes—franchise shifts to smaller cities where there is high interest and little or no competition from other professional sports—is common in new leagues, and it was not a sign that total collapse was inevitable. The ABA has endured 12 franchise shifts, yet it is about to start its eighth season. Even Lamar Hunt had to move a franchise. His AFL Dallas Texans became the Kansas City Chiefs.

Relatively speaking, the WFL still seemed a success story. Its television contract with TVS achieved highly satisfying results: during its first 10 weeks approximately 10 million people tuned in WFL action every week. ABC's Monday night show attracts four times as many viewers, but it charges almost six times as much for a minute of advertising. WFL telecasts drew larger audiences this past summer than the National Hockey League did on NBC last winter and had about 75% as many viewers as CBS's NBA telecasts. Advertisers were pleased, and TVS said it expected to pick up the option year on its contract with the WFL—at an increase in fees. Even if WFL ratings did not measure up to the NFL's, they demonstrated to potential investors that football is king.

Moreover, not all WFL teams were drowning in red ink. The Birmingham Americans, in fact, hoped to finish the season in the black, which would be a record of sorts for a new team in a new league. New cities greeted dying franchises with open arms. Charlotte gave the Stars a sweetheart lease on Memorial Stadium and long lines were reported at the ticket windows. Shreveport welcomed Houston with a picnic, two beer parties and a parade. Signings of NFL stars continued. And there still seemed to be a supply of people with at least some capital who wanted to own a professional sports team. One of these was Upton Bell, son of Bert Bell, the late NFL commissioner, who was once general manager of the then New England Patriots. The Patriots fired him in 1972, but Bell became head of the syndicate that bought the Stars and moved them to Charlotte.

Bell was bullish, and so was Davidson. Bullish, if not wildly optimistic. **END**

Some win, some survive

A few were showing their competitive stuff and a lot more were just showing off, but everyone who finished the offshore course got a medal

They assembled on a crescent beach a few miles north of downtown San Diego before scrambling, one huge group after another, into the Pacific. Many of them, obviously, were not really ocean swimmers at all. One fellow relied on what might charitably be termed sidestrokes, another never even removed his eyeglasses—he was, as it happened, an optical manufacturer in nearby Escondido—and one bosomy young creature had to pause repeatedly in midswim to pull up her bikini top. A 57-year-old woman succeeded in falling nearly an hour behind everybody else in her mile race, a situation that lifeguards accepted with cool forebearance. "It's O.K.," one of them shrugged. "We're on overtime."

And so the 44th annual La Jolla Rough Water Swim came off with the usual hilarity. The most celebrated of many such ocean swims that flourish in Southern California, the event attracted a mixed bag of swimmers to several triangular, round-the-buoys courses, each of which began and ended on the scalloped little beach at La Jolla Cove. Swimmers 12 and under raced over a 250-yard course while separate mile-long circuits were set up for men and women. All but a few of the record 790 entrants managed to finish, thus earning "survivor's medals," cups of hot chocolate and the cheers of sunbathers who lined the overlooking cliffs.

But the holiday atmosphere did not entirely rule out more serious business. The La Jolla swim also attracted would-be Olympians and distance stars in the mold of San Diego native Florence Chadwick, who won the women's race seven times in the 1930s and 1940s. For every competitor just out for a Sunday swim there seemed to be more intense types like Alanna Blackwell, who burst into tears after placing sixth among 12-year-old girls. Alanna would have done better, she complained, except that "the other girls kept grabbing me during the race."

It is apparent from this lament that the roughest thing about rough-water swimming may not be the water. La Jolla Cove is partly protected by a rocky protrusion known as Alligator Point, and the water for the big splash-in was a tepid 72°. Instead of cold and heaving seas, swimmers only had to put up with each other, the biggest danger being collision, accidental or otherwise, during the en masse starts. This particularly concerned the defending men's champion, Gary Rees, a 17-year-old schoolboy from suburban El Cajon. His coach, Tom Causey, broke two teeth in a bruising start in the same race a decade ago, but young Rees worried more about his legs.

"Other guys grab your legs at the start," he said. "I'm going to put Vaseline on my ankles so they can't get a good grip." Then Rees did something even better when the mile race got going: he moved out front in a hurry, shaking all but a few rivals on the first lap, a 700-yard run northward along the shoreline. He fell behind after a wide turn at the first buoy but gained steadily on the long leg across open water, pulling ahead for keeps on the final dash back to the beach to win in 19:51.

As in each of the previous five years, the women's race went to Sandra Keshka. The 19-year-old San Diego State coed, a Chadwick protegee, barely missed the English Channel record two months ago (SI, Aug. 26), and victory No. 6 at La Jolla left her just one shy of her mentor's mark. By contrast with Rees' win, it required toughness at the finish rather than the start to defeat 13-year-old Patty Martinez, a club teammate from Chula Vista.

Martinez, who is dwarfed by her 5′ 8″, 160-pound rival, matched Keshka stroke for stroke most of the way. But when she tried to stand up a few feet off the beach, she was rocked back on her heels by the surf. An instant later Sandra got up and ran ashore, crossing the finish line—two red flags planted in the sand—in 20:56.

"My experience paid off," Keshka said after her one-second victory. "Patty stood too soon. You've got to let the surf carry you as far as possible before you get up."

It seemed odd that a swim should be decided by a footrace, but then its sponsors like to call the La Jolla event the Boston Marathon of Swimming. It is the biggest annual civic to-do in this serene and wealthy community that is justly proud of its beaches. Besides the cove, these include one of the few officially sanctioned "swimsuit-optional" beaches—so designated by the city council—and Windansea, a celebrated surfing area. The popularity of La Jolla's beaches has survived periodic shark scares, the worst of which occurred in 1959 when a skindiver was presumably killed by a white shark off the cove. No trace of his body was found and that year's swim was prudently canceled.

Both hammerheads and whites were sighted off San Diego during the summer, and mere mention of the fact gave Clarence Burdette, executive manager of the La Jolla town council, an uneasy feeling. Reacting in the time-honored fashion of civic boosters everywhere, Burdette said, "I wish people wouldn't keep bringing up sharks."

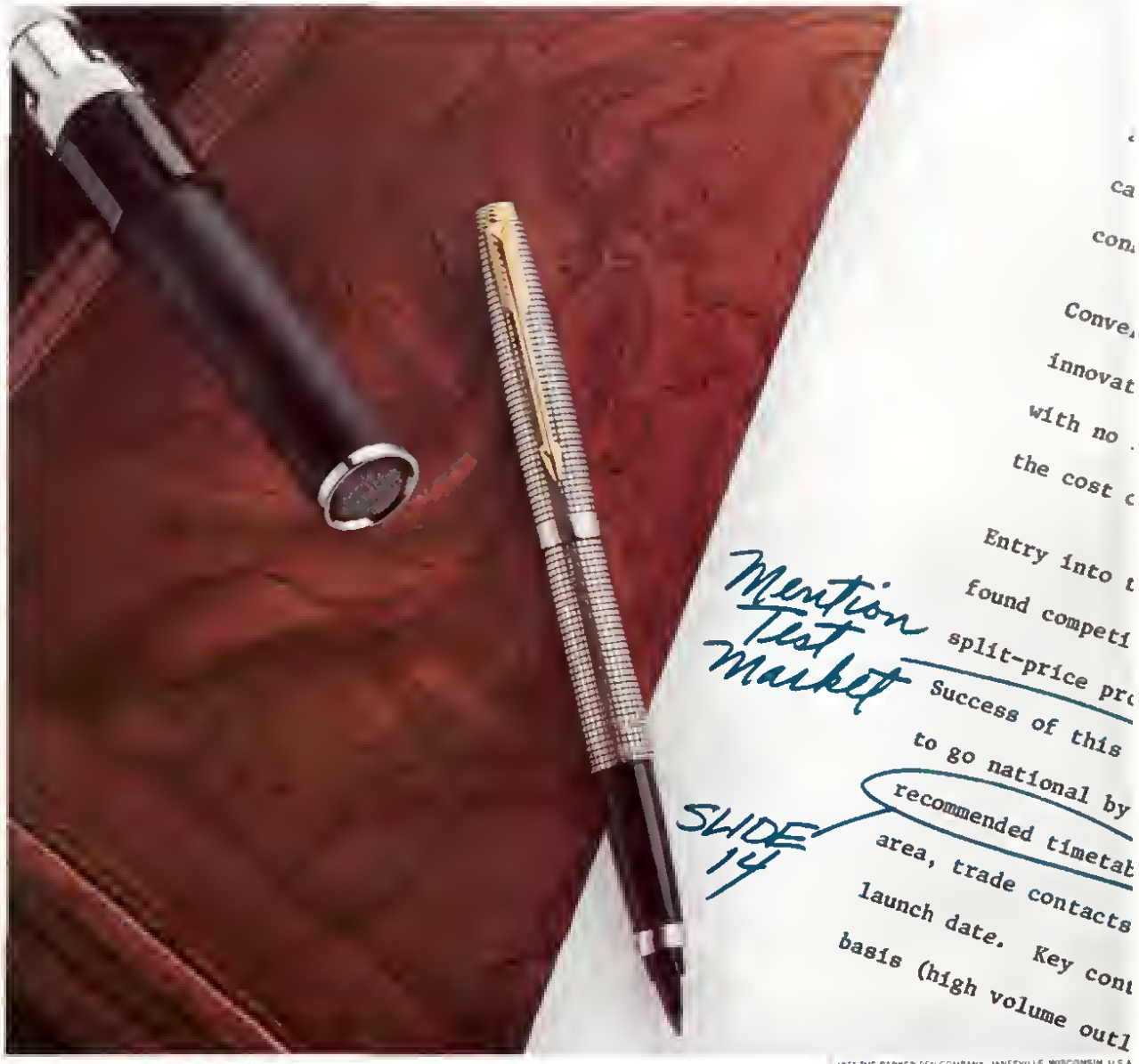
Burdette need not have worried. No sharks disturbed this rough-water swim, and John O'Brien, one of the few entrants to drop out, did so for apparently unrelated reasons. John, not yet 5, was entered in the 9-and-under class. But even as the PA announcer was introducing him as "the sentimental favorite," little John was cowering at water's edge, defying his mother's urgings to take the plunge.

"You'll be the youngest," she promised, but her son, lacking the requisite sense of mission, refused to budge.

John O'Brien's balkiness left three 6-year-olds the youngest swimmers. The eldest was the Reverend Lewis Sassé II, a 73-year-old Episcopal priest from Arizona who was vacationing in La Jolla. Father Sasse showed up in a gaily striped swimsuit and, after allowing that the scene could pass for a "mass baptism," boldly churned through the mile swim. He finished some 45 minutes after Gary Rees, a distant 206th in a field of 217, and came ashore with a troubled conscience that made clear he was no real ocean swimmer, either.

"I bumped into another fellow during the race," the priest said, roaming the crowded beach. "I'd like to find him and apologize." **END**

PARKER 75



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The Parker 75 Soft Tip is rarely admired by its owners. They don't have the time or the inclination.

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OF NOBLE RITES

In a less-than-noble town on the Mexican border, a journeyman matador faces a cowardly animal and a hostile crowd, yet even in that rude plaza the pomp and circumstance and tradition of bullfighting endure

by GILES TIPPETTE



CONTINUED

In the early afternoon Armillita went to the bullring for the *sorteo*, the drawing and coupling of the bulls. He had to do it himself because he was of the second class of the four classes of bullfighters, and his manager, such as he was, did not accompany him to little bullfights. This one was at Piedras Negras, a Mexican border town across from Eagle Pass, Texas. There was no regular *corrida* season in Piedras Negras. Each fight was a separate entity brought about by the pressure of local aficionados and the courage of some promoter who had been persuaded to take the financial risk. Usually a card featured two matadors of Armillita's class with perhaps a *novillero*. This one, however, was to be an odd contrast since the other fighters were Gaston Santos, a millionaire sportsman who fought from horseback, *rejoneodor* style, and Manola Martinez, one of the four Mexican matadors of the special class, the best Santos was there because *rejoneodors* are not that important and he would take a *corrida* anywhere purely for the love of fighting bulls, but Martinez had come only because it was convenient. He had fought the day before in the week-long *ferio* at the Aguascalientes festival and it fit his schedule to make the short run over to the frontier for this meaningless *corrido*.

But it was not meaningless to Armillita and he spent a long time studying the five bulls they were to fight at five o'clock that afternoon. The animals were all together in the plank corral adjoining the dusty bullring. That, in itself, was a bad sign. If they were of any temperament, they should have been separated. They were from the Golderinas ranch and did not look particularly good. They were advertised as averaging nearly 900 pounds, but Armillita doubted that, just as he doubted that they'd cost $800 each as the promoter claimed. He leaned against the fence and watched them. Around him was an excited group of aficionados and ring employees and hangers-on. They showed him a deference he would not get from the average fan and were careful to make no motion or sound that might unduly excite the bulls.

Four of the bulls stood quietly, but one, a gray with an off-angled left horn, faced the corral fence and pawed and snorted at the people watching him. Armillita hoped he would not draw the animal for such bulls are notorious cowards and a cowardly bull is by far the worst in the ring.

It did not bother Armillita to be the only matador at the *sorteo* ceremony. He was used to it. Manola's manager was there and a representative of Gaston Santos. The number of each bull was put in a hat and Santos' man drew one since the sportsman would fight only one animal. Then a discussion began between Armillita and Manola's manager over the pairing of the four remaining bulls. This was done with much agitation even though each knew they were working blindly; there was no way to tell anything about such bulls until they came charging into the ring. Finally, after the animals had been discussed and their possible merits weighed, the pairings were agreed on. The gray bull was coupled with a medium-sized black that looked as good as any.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK ENGLISH



After the numbers of the bulls were written down, each participant had a hand in folding the small pieces of paper. Armillita did his part rather desultorily, but the manager rolled each into a tight ball, shifting them several times from hand to hand as if practicing a coin trick. Armillita thought the procedure overdone since none of the bulls were any damn good.

The drawing completed, he saw he had picked the gray. He immediately decided to fight the other bull first, the average-looking black, in hopes he might win the crowd early so that it would forgive him for what would probably happen with the gray. He knew these border crowds well. Since most of the spectators were poor they demanded a great deal for their money. And since they very seldom received it, they were quick to stand up and wave their ticket stubs and claim they had been cheated. Armillita didn't blame them, he just dreaded being the object of their derision. He would say, later in the afternoon, "It's true that the bulls here are very bad. But the crowds are worse."

He went back to the hotel and put on a pair of bathing trunks and lay down on the bed. He had left his door open and passing strangers would stop, look in, and say, "*Buena suerte*, good luck, matador." He was a tall, slim man of 32 who didn't look very Mexican with his light skin and copper hair, but that was the Spanish influence in his background. Lying there on the bed he showed the results of several gorings. The horn goes ripping and tearing in and even the best surgeon cannot repair wounds without leaving heavy, ridged scar tissue. Armillita had four; a bad one in his left shoulder, one in his side, one in his thigh and an unimpressive one in his lower leg. He had never had a femoral, a goring in the inside of the thigh that destroys the femoral artery. A matador can bleed to death from that before being carried from the ring.

His real name was Manuel Espinosa. He was called Armillita because his father had been called Armillita. The difference was that his father had been considered one of Mexico's best bullfighters. By now the son knew he would never approach his father's reputation.

A friend had come to act as Armillita's sword handler and equipment manager and to drive him to the ring. He got up and they embraced. The friend asked how he felt and how the bulls were; he shrugged and made a face. His friend said he had heard tickets were selling well and a good crowd was expected. The bullring held 5,000. Armillita shrugged and said that news was more important to Manola Martinez than to him since Manola got a percentage of the gate while he got a fixed fee. He would receive about $2,000 for the fight, which sounded like a lot except he had to pay his *cuadrilla*—two *banderilleros* and one picador—out of that, as well as their traveling expenses, and his own expenses.

His *cuadrilla* were somewhere else in the hotel. They had driven down from Mexico City while he had flown. At four o'clock Chato, the old *banderillero* who had been with him for years, would come to help with the dressing ceremony. But that was a long time away, at least two hours, and he lay down to relax. He was hungry, but he was used to being

continued

hungry on Sunday afternoons. A bullfighter did not eat before a *corrida* because he might have to go under the surgeon's anesthesia. Another worry in these border fights was the lack of a good doctor. There were plenty in Mexico City and a good infirmary right in the Plaza de Toros. Here there was none of that and, if a matador got a bad horn wound, he just had to hope they could hold him together long enough to get him to the capital.

This was to be his last fight for a couple of months. He and his wife were going on a vacation to Germany. He was always nervous about a fight that was to be his last for a while. If you had a succession of fights ahead of you, there was no use fearing the one at hand for who knew what lay down the line. But here the tendency was strong to think, well, if I get through this one I'll be all right for a stretch of time.

In a corner of the room were boxes of Pampers, the disposable baby diapers. A visitor might think that these were of some use to the bullfighter, for stanching a wound or padding. But, no, their use was strictly as intended. They were cheaper on the United States side and Armillita's wife always asked him to pick up a supply when he was fighting on the border. She never went to his fights. He said, "Sweethearts like very much for you to be a matador. Wives never do. You are no longer the brave, glamorous bullfighter then; you are a husband."

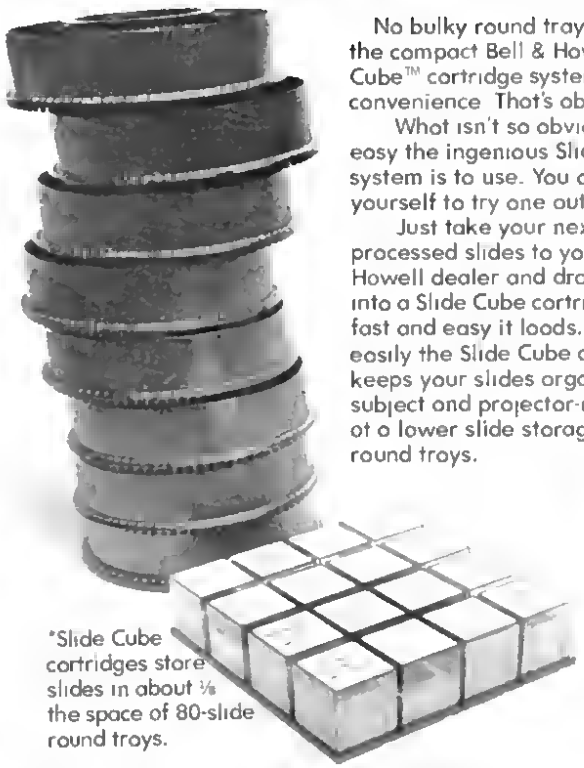
He was not nervous yet. But some people came to visit and he was glad to see them. One, an American tourist, asked if he was afraid. He answered honestly, "*Siempre*—always." Did he feel sorry for the bulls sometimes? He said that the man must never have seen a fighting bull. You felt love, affection, respect for a good bull, but never pity or sympathy. He tried to explain that in his halting English. The man didn't understand how he could love the bull and still kill him. He wanted to know how Armillita felt when the bull was dead. The matador smiled, largely, and said, "Contented."

He didn't try to explain bullfighting any further for he knew that was impossible if someone did not feel it inside himself. Bullfighting was making art, and art in the face of death made it great art. But some just saw the blood and the mistreatment of the bull. They thought it quite all right for a steer to be killed very ungracefully for beef at 18 months by being hit on the head with a sledgehammer, but they found it cruel for a fighting bull who had lived at least 2½ years more than the steer to be killed with a sword. There was no explanation for it, and Armillita no longer tried, even though the subject came up fairly frequently because he fought so many fights on the border.

He had been a bullfighter for many years, beginning in his teens under the tutelage of his father and practicing on cows at their ranch. Since then he estimated he had killed somewhere around 1,200 bulls. He had fought all over, in Mexico, Spain, France, South America. There were not many years remaining, he expected, even with good luck—which

continued

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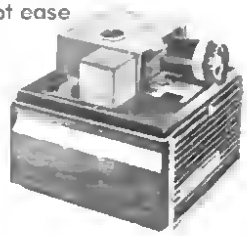
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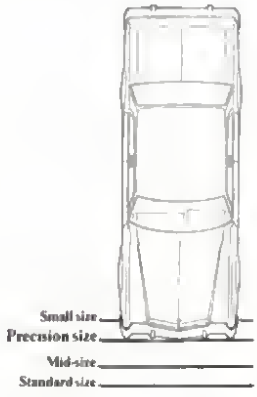
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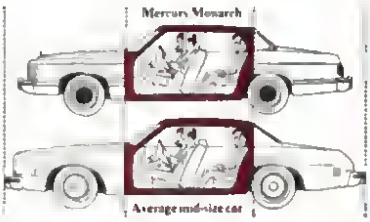
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Lincoln-Mercury introduces a new precision size luxury car engineered to give good gas mileage and comfort for five adults. Mercury Monarch 1975.





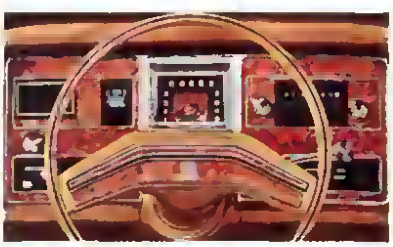
Precision size luxury. The precision size Monarch 4-door is over a foot shorter than last year's average mid-size car. Yet Monarch has more headroom and just 1.5 inches less legroom.

The idea behind the new precision size Monarch is simple: design a moderately priced car trim enough to get good gas mileage. But roomy enough to seat 5 adults in comfort. It meant engineering a small car around people instead of crowding people into a car.

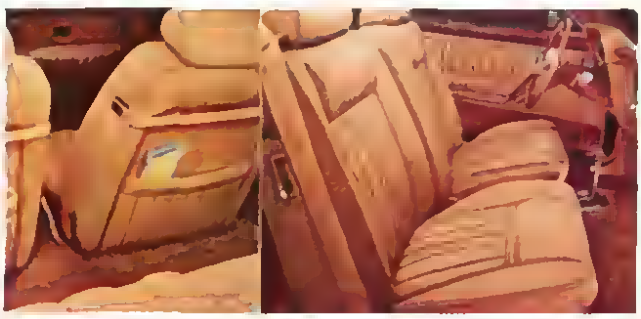
Gas mileage. 18 to 26 mpg under highway conditions and 14 to 18 mpg under city conditions.

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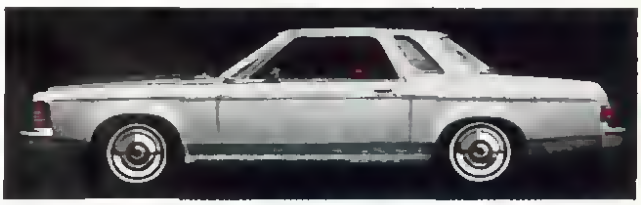
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was something a bullfighter had to count on.

At a few minutes to four Chato came and shooed the visitors out of the small room. Armillita went to the bathroom and showered and washed his hair. Then he returned and sat on the bed and cleaned his fingernails. He was meticulous about being completely clean when he went into the ring.

The dressing began with him sitting on the side of the bed with a towel wrapped around his middle. First came the long white undersocks. They were silk and required a lot of smoothing before they were exactly right. He secured them over his knees with elastic bands. Next he shucked the towel and pulled on the white linen pantaloons, the style of which is almost as old as the bullfight itself. These tied at the knees with strings. Next came the pink outer stockings, also silk. Except for the pants, which contained stretch material, the suit of lights remained traditional in style and fabric. But even with the stretch material, the pants were not easy to put on properly; it was a difficult job. To get them fitted in the crotch a rolled-up towel was used. Armillita held one end and Chato the other. The bullfighter straddled the towel and they both tugged and pulled. The pants in particular had to be skintight. A bullfighter wanted nothing loose that a horn might accidentally catch. Many people thought the pants needed to be tight in order to plainly show the bullfighter's *cojones*, but this was something dreamed up by tourists.

Next came the ruffled shirt and then the sash wrapped snugly around the waist. Then the thin tie and the vest of the heavy, brocaded jacket. This was pulled tight by inner snaps and Armillita had to hold his breath like a woman getting into a corset before Chato could arrange the fastenings.

Finally the shoes, like ballet slippers, and the black hat with lead in it, and they were ready to go. The friend had carried down the equipment, the swords and capes and muletas, and put them in the trunk of the car. Armillita paused to say a prayer in front of his portable chapel, going to his knees awkwardly in the tight pants. Chato stood just behind the matador, praying too. Then Armillita made the sign of the cross, kissed his thumb, and they left.

Piedras Negras was very hot and Armillita began sweating almost immedi-

ately. The car did not have air conditioning and it was hotter still on the road to the bullring. The suit of lights weighed a little more than 12 pounds. It had cost about $600 and he would use it, barring accidents, for a dozen *corridas*. Special-class matadors paid more for theirs and used them for only six or eight fights. When he had to buy a new one Armillita would sell his old suit to a *banderillero* or novice bullfighter for one or two hundred dollars.

As they neared the ring there was the usual group of urchins and young men at the entrance. They crowded around the car, peering in the window to see the matador. Several officious police could do little to help as the car inched into the parking lot.

The ring was of drab-white concrete rising suddenly on the plain just at the edge of town. Structural steel sticking out here and there gave it an unfinished air. The ring was so small it did not have the required chapel in which the matadors could pray just before the *paseo*. All bullfighters are strict Catholics. Armillita's friend, who had been an interested *novillera* before he foolishly tried to kill a bull in his *querencia* (the section of the ring where the animal feels most secure), said, "There is a comfort in the ritual, as if a man has satisfied himself he's done all he can for his own protection."

Bullfights begin with very little preparation. There is no way for matadors to warm up, so they arrive just before the performance and then wait in the tunnel to make their formal entrance. Manola Martinez was already there and Armillita greeted him with an embrace. Manola looked tired and drawn around the eyes. He had driven that morning from Aguascalientes and then spent the afternoon sleeping in the hotel. He didn't look very interested in the proceedings. He had been drunk at nine that morning, having celebrated with his friends and followers.

It was even hotter in the tunnel, but suddenly they were opening the gate and the band was striking up and the three men were proceeding across the loose sand of the arena. Armillita looked up, seeing the full stands. He hoped the crowd contained a goodly share of American tourists. They never cared what they saw. All they wanted was to drink beer and yell and laugh and have a good time.

The matadors walked to the barrier on the far side from the entrance of the bulls and laid their ceremonial capes over the wall. All around them attendants bustled. Gaston Santos would fight first, then Manola would have his first bull, then Armillita, then Manola again and then Armillita would end it with the gray. But none would be through until the finish, for a bullfighter, by law, must aid the other matadors on the card, if necessary. The promoter is responsible under the law for the size and breeding of the bulls he has advertised. If they are not up to specifications he can be fined or jailed, though in Piedras Negras no one remembered the last time such a thing had happened.

While Santos was performing his

continued



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equestrian ballet against his bull, Manola and Armillita stood behind the barrier discussing conditions. Manola said the wind was terrible, as, indeed, it was. A stray gust can blow the cape or muleta back against the body and the bull with his horns follows. To combat this, the *peónes* wet the bottom of the fighting capes and scuff them in the sand to make them heavier. But a cape cannot be too heavy or else the bullfighter's wrist numbs and he loses the fine touch he needs to control the bull.

Armillita was particularly concerned about the sand. "It's too loose," he said. "The bulls will be slipping all over."

"Oh yes," Manola said, "the bulls, such as they are." He laughed. He was not particularly concerned about conditions or the bulls. He had flatly announced back in his hotel room that he was not going to overwork. He had explained, "It is pointless to attempt anything here. If you did the fans would not understand."

Santos killed his bull, which the crowd liked well enough, and Manola moved out into the ring while his *peónes* spread their capes before the early charges of his first bull. Armillita stood behind the barrier and watched, thinking how he would fight Manola's bull.

Manola, as he had said he would, fought safely. He risked nothing, and the fans, sensing this, began to resent it even before he was half through. Watching, Armillita knew he was going to inherit some of this enmity. Still, he admired the technical skills that Manola was displaying, even when he went in to kill in such a fashion that he exposed very little of himself. That, too, took skill, even if it was a talent employed to deceive the crowd. But the crowd was not going to be duped. The price of the bullfight represented a day's pay to many of the spectators and they were getting hot. Armillita listened to their outrage and merely shrugged and smiled when asked what he thought. "I believe," he said, "they will understand there are some bulls with which nothing can be done."

His first was not that way, however. He was not a great bull or even a good one, but he appeared, when he came skidding into the ring, to be a bull a man could put on a show with. Armillita went out with the cape, walking with an awkward long-legged stride, while his *peónes* worked the bull toward him. He took the animal through a series of simple passes, nothing extravagant or showy, and then chopped him off short while the crowd settled back. The bull was working straight and honest and so was Armillita. A fan in the first barrier seats said, "At least Armillita won't cheat you. He'll give you his best."

The trumpets blew and the picadors came into the ring and Armillita picked up the bull and presented him to the first horse. It was going well. The bull charged readily, thudding its horns futilely but determinedly into the mattress padding protecting the horse's belly. The bull kept boring in, stronger and stronger, as the picador shot his lance into the big hump of muscle just behind the neck. Armillita went in, made the *quite*, and then decided, since the bull still seemed too strong, to take it to the second picador for more trimming. But that was a mistake. The second picador was too zealous and the spectators were starting to boo even as he leaned into his lance. They could see he was bearing down too hard, giving the bull too much steel, hurting it too badly, and fearing the bull would be ruined, they were reacting violently. Armillita went in and tried valiantly to perform the *quite*, but the bull would not move away from the horse and the picador could not remove his lance or else the bull would have thrown him. By the time Armillita could distract the bull the damage was done and the crowd had turned permanently ill-humored.

He killed the bull moderately well, but it made no difference to the spectators. They believed the animal had been rendered harmless by the picador and that any of them could have done as well as the matador. Armillita walked back to the barrier, head down, not bothering to ask for an ear or even a circuit of the ring as he might well have done.

Manola was no better with his second bull than his first and it was necessary, before Armillita's last bull was released, for two attendants to parade around with a sign saying anyone throwing anything into the ring would be fined 500 pesos. But it did no good. Manola, because of his exalted position, had been received with sullen silence. But Armillita was none too good even for such a bullring, and as soon as his picadors entered the ring the cushions and bottles came flying. Though these were not intended for Armillita, a bottle nearly hit him as he went to take the bull away from the first picador. This time he did not present the bull to the second picador, but instead asked for their retirement. The crowd cheered that cynically, and he faced the spectators and smiled and lifted his arms as if to say, "My friends, what else can I do?"

The gray bull was all he'd expected, stodgy and slow and reluctant to make more than a head-chopping charge of a few steps. And then, midway through the planting of the *banderillas*, it took up a *querencia* only a few feet from the barrier. This made the planting of the last set a difficult proposition and gave the crowd a chance to attack Armillita's second *banderillero* who, because the bull would not move, ended up planting them a third of the way down the animal's side. Again bottles and cushions cascaded into the ring.

Armillita tried to move the bull with the muleta, but it was reluctant. The animal would charge a few steps when the matador incited it with his knee, but then quickly retreat before any semblance of a linked pass could be put together.

Finally Armillita gave up. He asked and received permission to kill the bull and then walked to the center of the ring and, in a gesture either sardonic or placating, offered to dedicate the bull to the crowd. Smiling all the while, he held up his *montera* and spun slowly on his heel through a full circle offering the spectators the bull. But they wouldn't have it. They yelled and jeered and waved handkerchiefs and some began to leave. Finally he shrugged and walked back to the barrier for a drink of water. His mouth was very dry, as it always was in the ring.

Manola was sympathetic. "What can you do with such people?" he said. "Don't let them bother you. Slaughter that ox and let's get the hell out of here."

Armillita wanted to say, "These are the people whom I usually fight for." But he didn't.

The bull was difficult to kill. This was partly because of the kind of animal it was, but mainly because it had taken a very determined *querencia*. Armillita could not move the bull to get its feet lined up so that the spot between the shoulder blades would be open. Each time Armillita would go in with the sword, the bull would chop upward with its head, paying little attention to the muleta in the matador's left hand. Armil-

continued

lita tried twice, taking considerable risks each time. Each time the sword only penetrated a few inches, to be flipped out by the bull's muscles. Finally he went to the barrier and took the *descabellar* from his volunteer sword handler. "You should have used this in the first place," his friend said. "No one can blame you for this bull. Kill it any way you can."

The crowd booed the *descabellar*, a strong daggerlike sword that the matador plunges into the spinal cord just behind the head. It is an ungraceful way to kill but sometimes the only way. But even as Armillita maneuvered the bull into position and leaped forward to perform the final act the cushions and bottles were coming down again. There were not so many this time, but that may have been because ammunition was getting low in the stands.

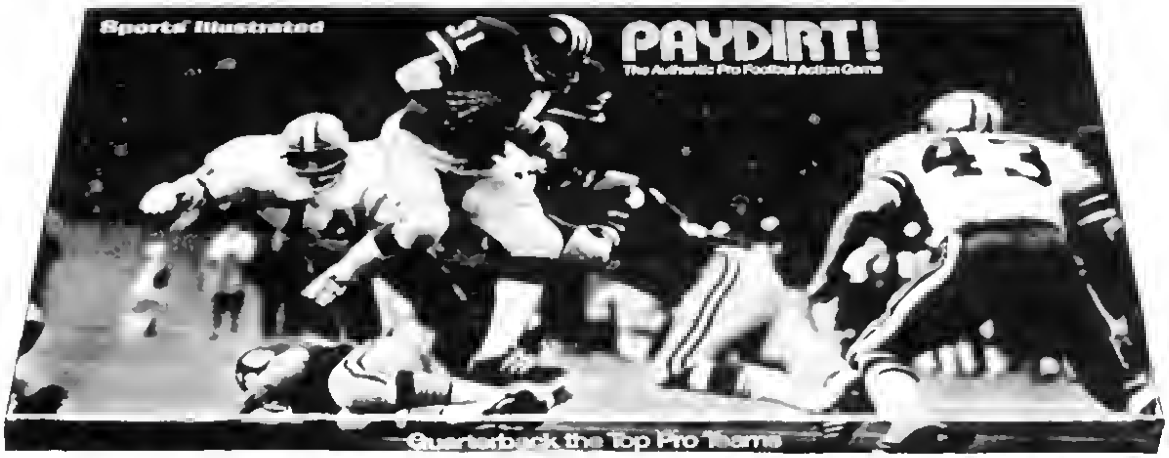
Then it was over and the mules were dragging out the gray. Armillita went over to the barrier and took a long drink of water and sagged down tiredly. His friend was busy packing the equipment and the plaza was emptying rapidly. Manola stopped by for a moment and said he would see Armillita back at the hotel. Armillita just nodded. After a time he gathered up his ceremonial cape and walked to the car where his friend was waiting.

That evening Manola's suite was jammed with 15 or 20 of his friends and employees. Some newspaper people were trying to interview him, but this was almost impossible because of the enthusiastic help of his friends who kept trying to tell the reporters how great Manola was. He was finally asked about the bullfight while lying on the bed drinking Scotch, with just a towel over his middle. He said, "What? Oh, this was nothing. This wasn't a bullfight."

Armillita's room was not packed with well-wishers. His friend had gone. After showering he called his wife, then his mother, then the newspapers in Mexico City. This was a ritual he followed after every fight. To his wife and mother he said little more than he was all right, but to the newspapers he gave a stylized version of the fight that included none of the bad parts. He knew that Manola's press agent would be doing the same thing so he told the story without fear of contradiction. It was not a duty a matador ought to perform, but it was part of his life. Later Chato came in and Armillita took out a roll of peso notes and paid off his *cuadrilla*. There was a brief argument over an expense item, but in the end Armillita let it go.

He lay down on the bed. Then he got up again. He had heard there might be a change on the card at an important *corrida* in Juarez that was coming up soon and he wanted to put in his bid. If he could fight there he might put off his vacation. In the end, however, he decided it was too late to call the promoter. He lay down again and yawned. Then he turned on the TV. It was too early to go to sleep. **END**





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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST

"I'm tired," said Mike Marshall, the last man one might expect to admit to such human frailty. But he was not too tired to appear in six games, increasing his record total to 105, and had two wins and one save. Andy Messersmith needed relief help from Marshall to become the league's first 20-game winner as the Dodgers, 5-2, clinched a tie for first place. Third Baseman Ron Cey finished off the Braves 5–2 with a 10th-inning double and Leftfielder Bill Buckner did even better in a 4–3 win over Atlanta by getting four hits and robbing Dusty Baker of a two-run homer with an over-the-fence catch.

"I believe in miracles," said Dave Concepcion of the Reds. Failing that, Cincinnati got .600 hitting from Concepcion and won five in a row after a loss to the Giants. However, Cincinnati's two best starters were below par. Don Gullett had a bad back and Jack Billingham admitted he had "nothing" on the ball after yielding a total of 21 hits and 16 runs in six innings in his last three games.

Phil Niekro of Atlanta lost to L.A. 2–1 on a 10th-inning passed ball, then earned his 19th win, over Houston, by holding the Astros hitless for the final seven innings. In that game Henry Aaron had three hits, one his 600th double.

Houston, 2-4, San Francisco, 1-4, and San Diego, 3-3, had poor to so-so weeks. All three Padre wins were by identical scores of 3–2, but sandwiched in among them was the club's 100th loss.

LA 100-59 CIN 97-62 ATL 86-73
HOUS 79-79 SF 71-89 SD 59-101

NL EAST

The proverb about sleeping dogs, or other fanged animals, was not heeded by the Cardinals, who were to regret arousing the usually somnolent Cubs. During a melee at home plate St. Louis Catcher Ted Simmons slugged Bill Madlock of Chicago. That upset the Cubs, who were further angered because Simmons was not ejected—and later got the game-winning hit. Five days after that incident the awakened Cubs overcame a 3–0 deficit and beat the Cardinals 8–3, the most telling blow a three-run triple by Madlock. The setback knocked St. Louis from first place, putting the Cards a full game in back of revitalized Pittsburgh.

The Pirates won the first of three games in St. Louis 1–0 on a 10th-inning hit by Richie Hebner and the pitching of Jim Rooker and Dave Giusti, they took a half-game lead over the Cardinals by dumping them again, 7–3, then were bumped back to second as St. Louis scored four times in the 11th to prevail 13–12. Pittsburgh moved into a tie for first by drubbing the Mets 11–5 and the next day both leaders won, Bob Gibson driving in four runs as the Cardinals defeated Chicago 10–4 and Jerry Reuss of Pittsburgh nipping New York 2–1. But while the Cardinals were jolted by the Cubs on Saturday, the Pirates won again, 7–3, behind Rooker, who has a 1.63 ERA and seven victories since Aug. 25.

Montreal, 6-2, pulled to within one game of third-place Philadelphia, 4–3. Two-time winner Mike Torrez became the first Expo starting pitcher ever to take six in a row. While winning three of four from the Cubs, the Expos stole 16 bases, with Larry Lintz nabbing six to raise his total to 50, an impressive figure for one who has just 76 hits all season. For the Phillies, Jim Lonborg and Steve Carlton both got their 16th wins.

PITT 85-73 ST.L 84-74 PHIL 78-80
MONT 77-81 NY 68-89 CHI 66-92

AL WEST

Oakland clinched its fourth straight divisional title, but was upstaged by California's Nolan Ryan. "I think I'll let it all hang out," Ryan said before facing the Twins. He did precisely that, striking out 15, walking eight and hurling his third no-hitter in two years. Score: 4–0. Coupled with an earlier five-hit, nine-strikeout effort against the Royals, Ryan has a 22-16 record and 367 strikeouts. As for the A's, they hardly bothered to sip the champagne commemorating the clinching. Catfish Hunter won his 25th game, but Ken Holtzman, irked because Manager Alvin Dark said he would not give him another start to try for his 20th victory, said, "I plan to retire, anyhow."

Texas, 2-3, Minnesota, 2-4, and Kansas City, 2-4, all stumbled. But Fergie Jenkins earned his 24th win for the Rangers and Jackie Brown, who began the season as the team's batting-practice pitcher, won for the 13th time as he downed the Royals 11–0. But Jim Bibby failed for the third time to win his 20th game. After defeating the Angels 6–2, the Twins managed to score only five runs in their next five games, one a 1–0 victory by Bert Blyleven over the A's. The Royals kept losing despite the 15-for-27 hitting of Third Baseman George Brett.

Jim Kaat of Chicago defeated Texas 5–1 and Oakland 3–1 to become a 20-game winner. The White Sox, 4-1, missed a chance for an all-victorious week when they were guilty of stranding 18 runners in a 6–5 loss to the A's.

OAK 88-70 TEX 82-75 MINN 81-78
CHI 78-78 KC 77-82 CAL 65-94

AL EAST

After becoming the 12th player in baseball history to get 3,000 hits, Al Kaline of the Tigers endured a round of ceremonious picture taking, which he ended by saying, "Let's get going. These guys [the Orioles] are fighting for a pennant and I don't want to mess them up." He should not have been so concerned about the Birds, who edged ahead in the East by winning all five of their games. They got to the top by utilizing a play Manager Earl Weaver admitted "is really not good because too many things can go wrong," then a "side-pocket shot" and finally a dinky ground ball. The first was a suicide squeeze by Andy Etchebarren that brought in the decisive run in the eighth inning as the Orioles beat the Tigers 5–4. The next night Tommy Davis, nicknamed Willie Mosconi because of his many "billiard-shot" hits, capped a three-run ninth with a two-out, off-the-end-of-the-bat single that drove in two runs. Orioles 5, Tigers 4, again. Subsequently, in the 17th inning of a scoreless game with the Brewers, Baltimore won when Bob Oliver came up with the bases loaded, took a mighty swing and hit a chopper to third base that enabled a run to score. Mike Cuellar got more conventional support in the form of 14 runs as he won his 21st and 22nd games.

Sparky Lyle sawed the legs off Bobby Murcer's clubhouse rocking chair, so Murcer went out and rocked the Indians with a homer to beat them 2–1. That win in the week's first outing kept the Yankees in first place, but the loss of a doubleheader to the Red Sox dropped them back, and they spent the rest of their time scrambling to stay in the race, which they did by beating the Red Sox 1–0 and sweeping two from the Indians. Ron Blomberg slugged three two-run homers against Cleveland, two in a 9–3 first-game triumph and another as a pinch hitter in the five-run eighth of a 9–7 nightcap win that kept the Yankees within half a game of the Birds.

Luis Tiant of Boston brought his victory total to 22, stopping New York 4–0 and Detroit 7–2.

Cleveland's Ken Aspromonte had his cake and ate it, too, celebrating his birthday and a 7–4 conquest of Milwaukee. Four days later, however, he was notified he would not be rehired as manager. That heightened speculation that either Frank Robinson or Coach Larry Doby would get the job and thus become the first black manager in the majors.

Milwaukee remained half a game behind fourth-place Cleveland as both teams split four games. Reliever Tom Buskey got his 17th and 18th saves for Cleveland.

BALT 87-71 NY 97-72 BOS 83-75
CLEV 75-83 MIL 75-84 DET 71-97

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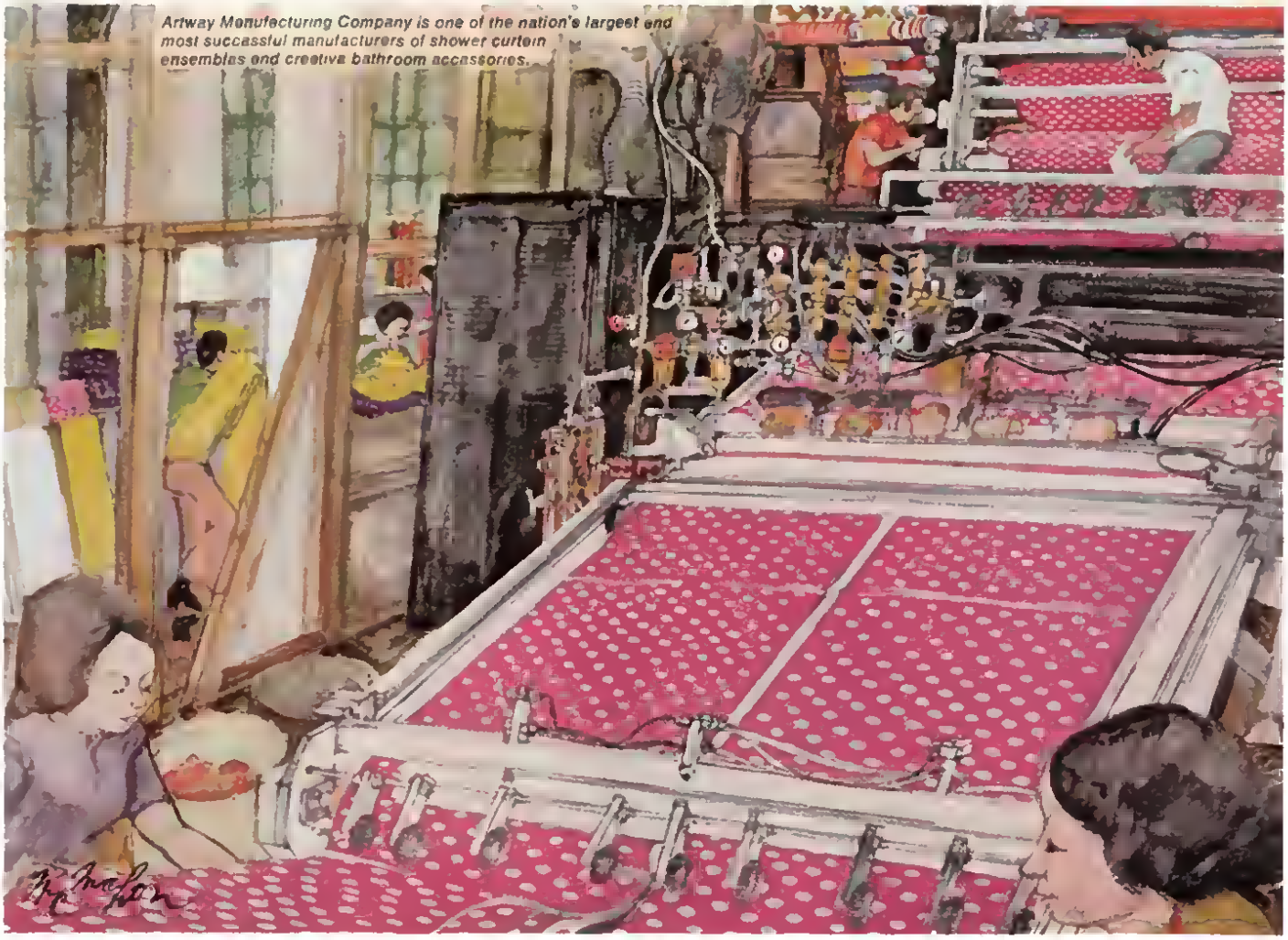
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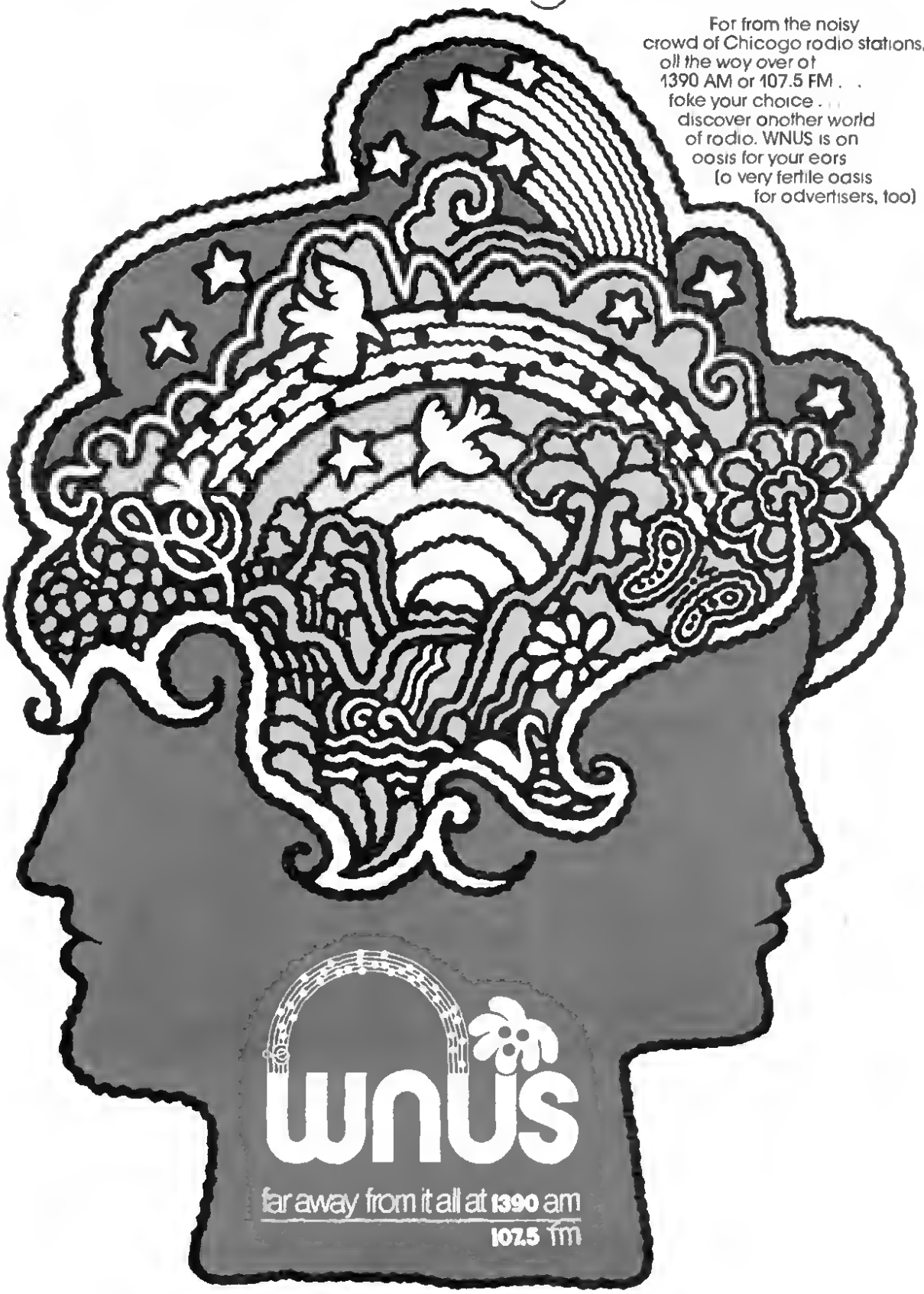


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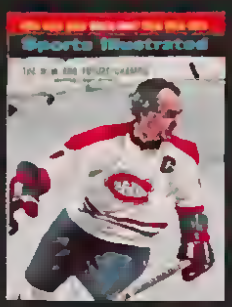


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FOR THE RECORD

A rourdup of the week Sept. 23-29

CHESS—After six games in their match in Moscow to determine the challenger for the world championship, ANATOLY KARPOV led his opponent, Viktor Korchnoi, 2-0. The other four games were draws, which do not count in the scoring.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL. The New England Patriots found themselves in a strange and wonderful place last week—first in the AFC East. They upset Los Angeles 20–14 with a tight defense and a surging offense directed by Jim Plunkett, who passed for two touchdowns. Field goals of 39 and 23 yards by John Smith gave the Patriots the winning margin. Another new power, St. Louis, dumped Cleveland 29–7 to remain unbeaten with a 3-0 record. The Cardinals exploded for 22 points in the third quarter, starting with a 94-yard kickoff return by Terry Metcalf for a touchdown. The New York Giants won their first game, upsetting Dallas 14–6. Cowboy Quarterback Roger Staubach was sacked six times and intercepted three times by an exultant Giant defense that also picked up two of three Dallas fumbles. Minnesota squeaked by Chicago 11–7 in a game that saw Viking Quarterback Fran Tarkenton throw his 250th career touchdown pass, while Miami needed a touchdown with 15 seconds remaining to beat imptoving San Diego 28–21. Jim Kiick scored the winning points on a five-yard squirt up the middle. Oakland surprised Pittsburgh, winning 17–0 and holding Joe Gilliam to 106 yards in the air. The Raiders intercepted Gilliam three times, twice shutting off key Steeler scoring attempts. Recovering from a scoreless first half, Kansas City dropped Houston 17–7, and Cincinnati had little trouble beating San Francisco 21–3. Chester Marcol kicked four field goals for Green Bay as the Packers edged Detroit 21–19. Lion Kicker Errol Mann fell short on an attempted 47-yard field goal with 18 seconds left. Philadelphia found its offense and victimized Baltimore 30–10 as Roman Gabriel completed 17 of 25 passes for 206 yards. New Orleans and Atlanta exchanged turnovers before the Saints nipped the Falcons 14–13. Buffalo scored a 16–12 victory over the Jets in a 40-mph wind, with Jim Braxton scoring the winning touchdown of an all but passless game on a 21-yard run in the fourth quarter.

WFL. In the face of increasing financial trouble, the WFL completed its 13th week (*page 98*) and, except for an upset or two, the shake-ups had little effect on the field action. The biggest surprise was Portland's 26–21 win over Birmingham. The Storm got off to an 18–7 lead, but George Mira came off the bench at the half to rally the Americans, who gained a 21–18 edge late in the last period. Then Portland Quarterback Pete Beathard took charge, hitting Bob Christiansen on a 16-yard pass to score with 35 seconds left. The win gave Portland a 4-8-1 record, while the loss put Birmingham 11-2, into a tie with Memphis for the Central Division lead. The Southmen, playing a new Shreveport Steamer that looked remarkably like the old Houston Texans, cut Shreveport off 17–3, as backup Quarterback Danny White, in for the injured John Huarte, passed for 170 yards and one touchdown. The Southmen also got points from Willie Spencer, on a two-yard spurt into the end zone, and Bob Fitter, who kicked a 41-yard field goal. Charlotte was still being called New York when it overwhelmed the hapless Detroit Wheels 37–7. Star Don Highsmith scored two touchdowns and rushed for 122 yards in 19 carries as New York-Charlotte piled up 277 rushing yards. The Wheels could not get rolling. Quarterback Bubba Wyche had five passes intercepted and completed only seven of 23 attempts for a gain of 42 yards. On the ground the Wheels were not much more effective, totaling 67 yards. Southern California, running away with the Western Division, massacred the Jacksonville Sharks 57-7 as Sun rookie Tony Adams ran 26 yards for a touchdown and threw to James McAllister and Ike Harris for two more. Bob Davis passed for 297 yards as the Florida Blazers raged 29-0 against the Chicago Fire. Davis threw for three touchdowns and was 18 for 25 in the win that gave Florida a one-game lead over New York-Charlotte in the Eastern Division. Philadelphia, in third place behind the Stars, got two fourth-quarter field goals from Gerry Warren as the Bell defeated the Hawaiians 21-16. A healthier Bell defense snapped up four Hawaiian passes before Norris Weese took over for the islanders and led them 76 yards in 14 plays for a score on a seven-yard pass to John Kelsey. The Hawaiians were left with a 4-9 record, only one-half game ahead of Shreveport in the Western Division.

GOLF—*Scoring a third-round hole in one for good measure,* JOHNNY MILLER won his eighth tournament of the year, an eight-stroke victory in the $150,000 Kaiser International Open at Silverado Country Club in Napa, Calif. The $30,000 first prize lifted Miller's 1974 earnings to $346,933, which broke Jack Nicklaus' record for a single season.

JOANNE CARNER won the *$35,000 Portland* Open with a 54-hole total of 211 over the par-73 Columbia-Edgewater Country Club. The $5,000 winner's share boosted her season's earnings to $84,-019, highest ever for a woman pro golfer.

DALE MOREY, of High Point, N.C., won the USGA Senior Amateur Championship, defeating Lew Oehmig 4 and 2 at Harbour Town Golf Links in Hilton Head Island, S.C. (*page 94*)

HARNESS RACING—KEYSTONE PRESTO, driven by Peter Haughton, paced the mile in 1:58⅘ to finish two lengths ahead of King Henry in the final of the $48,370 Tattersalls Stake for 3-year-olds at the Red Mile, in Lexington, Ky.

HORSE RACING—FOREGO ($6.60), ridden by Heliodoro Gustines, exploded in the stretch of the 1½-mile Woodward Stakes, at Belmont Park, to win by a neck over Arbees Boy in 2:27⅘ over a fast track, at even weights.

MOLLY BALLANTINE ($11.40), Laffit Pincay Jr. up, covered the mile in 1:37 to beat Copernica by 6½ lengths in the $111,900 Frizette for 2-year-old fillies at Belmont Park. Prerace favorite Ruffian was scratched because of a high temperature.

Jacinto Vasquez guided FOOLISH PLEASURE ($3.80) to a 6¼-length victory over Our Talisman in the $60,300 Cowdin Stakes for 2-year-olds at Belmont Park. The winning time was 1:22⅘ for seven furlongs.

MOTOR SPORTS—Averaging 66.23 mph in a Chevrolet, EARL ROSS won the Old Dominion 500 Grand National stock-car race at Martinsville (Va.) Speedway, finishing a lap in front of Buddy Baker, who drove a Ford. Ross, the first rookie in 13 years to take a major NASCAR event, collected $14,300 for the win.

SHOOTING—The U.S. swept the individual and team medals in the men's 300-meter three-position standard-rifle competition at the world championships in Thun, Switzerland. DAVID KIMES, of Huntington Beach, Calif., set a world record of 575 points to take the gold, ahead of fellow Americans Lones Wigger and John Foster. The U.S. also won the men's 300-meter three-position free rifle, the standing sport shooting and the three-position small-bore rifle, to finish with 13 gold medals, still well behind the 23 golds won by the U.S.S.R. in the two-week competition.

TENNIS—EVONNE GOOLAGONG regained her semifinal victory at Forest Hills by defeating Chris Evert 7–5, 3–6, 6–4 in the final of the $50,000 Virginia Slims tournament in Denver.

WEIGHT LIFTING—Russia's VASILY ALEXEYEV retained his superheavyweight crown with a world-record total lift of 947 pounds at the world championships in Manila. Bulgaria took the overall team title with 78 points. The Soviet Union, with 74, was second.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: HOWARD SCHNELLENBERGER, head coach of the Baltimore Colts, by Owner Robert Irsay, immediately after the team lost its third straight game of the season. Under Schnellenberger, who was in the second year of a three-year contract, the Colts were 4-10 last year. Irsay named Vice-President and General Manager JOE THOMAS to replace him.

NAMED: The Most Valuable Player in World Team Tennis, BILLIE JEAN KING, player-coach of the Philadelphia Freedoms, who lost to the Denver Racquets in the championship finals. King was the league's leading singles (44-6) and doubles (33-5) player.

NAMED: ALEX PEROLLI, 53, to coach the NASL's new expansion team, the San Antonio Thunder. Perolli directed the Los Angeles Aztecs to the 1974 soccer league championship and had coached the Rochester Lancers to the title in 1970.

RETIRED: WILT CHAMBERLAIN, 38, from every phase of competitive basketball (*page 16*).

DIED: VAN PATRICK, 58, familiar voice of the Detroit Lions and Tigers and Notre Dame football for more than 20 years, of cancer, in South Bend.

DIED: HARRY HARTZ, 78, auto race driver who finished second three times (1922, 1923 and 1926) in the Indianapolis 500 and later built two winning Indy cars (*1930 and 1932*), in Indianapolis.

CREDITS

20—Neil Leifer; 21-23—John C. Zimmerman; 24—Rich Clarkson; 25—Tony Tomsic; 27—Eric Stewart; 28-30—Al Satterwhite-Camera 5; 36—Jo...; 91—Melchior DiGiacomo, 121—Vanguard Photography.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DOROTHY PORTER, of Westmont, N.J., won the U.S. Senior Women's Golf Association championship, held in Buck Hill Falls, Pa., with a 230 for 54 holes, 17 strokes ahead of the runners up. Porter was the USGA Women's Amateur champion in 1949.





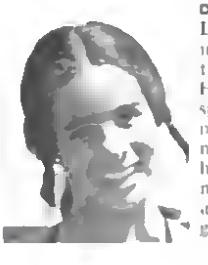
ED and FRED LEHNERTZ, of Grand Rapids, captured the Ottawa-Kent high school conference wrestling championships in their divisions, and later the same day took Michigan Golden Gloves boxing titles. Ed, a 16-year-old junior at East Kentwood High, won the 101-pound-division wrestling competition and then put on boxing gloves to score a first-round knockout in the Golden Gloves 105-pound class. Older brother Fred, 17, also a junior at East Kentwood, won the 115-pound division in wrestling and the 120-pound class in boxing.



ADAM LEIB, 12, a seventh-grader at Roslyn (N.Y.) Junior High School, won the juvenile men's figure-skating events at the Central Ontario Open and the Long Island Freeskating competitions, and the Lake Placid Open Pre-Bronze Men's Championship.



JEFFREY LOMBARDO, 12, completed his third year of play in the Manchester, Conn. town soccer league, where he has led his teams to two league titles and a second-place finish. Each year Jeffrey led the league in assists and goals scored; he had 58 in 31 games.



DeANN DeLUNA, 14, of Los Angeles, representing the Far West, won the National Hula Hoop Championship, spinning 20 hoops simultaneously for two minutes to beat out nine finalists. More than a million teen-agers, 15 and under, entered regional competition.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PITTSBURGH'S QUARTERBACK

Sir:

Jefferson Street Joe Gilliam isn't the only "hubbling spirit" in Pittsburgh (*Gillie Was a Steeler Driving Man*, Sept. 23). Every fan in the Steel City has been jumping for joy since Joe made his big splash as starting quarterback. He has the arm, he has the agility, but most of all he has a great Steeler team to back him up.

Maybe it isn't "classic" for a quarterback to "smile and bounce around with both hands in the air after a successful play," but it keeps the team's and the fans' spirits high.

DIANE BRANAGAN

Pittsburgh

Sir:

Who needs your cover headline "Pittsburgh's Black Quarterback"? I don't think Chuck Noll considers Joe Gilliam his "black" quarterback. Nor does the team. Nor do the Steeler fans. Nor does Joe Gilliam. I think all of the above consider Gilliam their No. 1 quarterback.

Despite his statement "But let us not play this thing too much in terms of race and revolution," Roy Blount Jr. seems to have a race/color hang-up. Witness four paragraphs later when he falls into the following analogy. ". . . the convergence of Holmes and White having turned him [Domres] into the center of an Oreo cookie."

Remember, Joe Gilliam is purely and simply one heck of a No. 1 quarterback. Leave him that way.

RICHARD J. VESLEY

Ardmore, Pa.

Sir:

It is about time an NFL team gave a black quarterback a fighting chance. Blacks have proved themselves in other positions, yet few NFL teams are willing to take a chance on a black quarterback. One hopes Jefferson Street Joe will make other clubs realize that a black quarterback can lead his team to victory. Maybe by this time next year more black quarterbacks will be starting in the NFL, but I doubt it.

DAVID BRILL

Houston

Sir:

Regarding your cover caption "Joe Gilliam bombs the Colts," you have featured a fine young quarterback who was instrumental in defeating the Colts. However, I think you have pictured the wrong Joe on the cover. The man most responsible for the Colts being bombed, the man who turned one of the best teams of the 1960s into one of the worst teams of the 1970s simply by trading away most of the team's top players is Colt General Manager Joe Thomas, and he should get the credit he deserves.

DAVID SPIEGEL

Owings Mills, Md.

BROCK'S RECORD

Sir:

I read it but I couldn't believe it. Jim Kaplan actually had the nerve to suggest that Lou Brock's base stealing does not help the St. Louis offense (*Tiptoeing up on a Record*, Sept. 23). Brock has been the sparkplug of the Cardinals for the past 10 years. In those 10 years the Cardinals have been in the World Series three times and won twice, thanks in very large part to Brock. In your earlier article on Brock (*Thief at Work*, July 22) the statistics showed that Brock has scored more than 50% of the time after he has stolen a base. If that's not the sign of a sparkplug, I don't know what is.

DIRK MORGAN

Bardwell, Ky.

Sir:

You say that Brock's base stealing has hurt the Cardinals. What I have to say to that is unprintable, because without Brock the Cardinals would be giving Chicago competition for bottom-of-the-heap honors.

MARK WASINGER

Hannibal, Mo.

Sir:

I cannot understand why Jim Kaplan wanted to minimize the importance of Brock's stolen bases. Obviously, he has been observing the Cardinals only since Lou got close to the record. I thought it amusing, when considering his article, that two days before I received it I listened to the Cards and Pirates play a thrilling 13-inning game. Gibson gave up five hits in the first four innings, and the Pirates went hitless in the remaining nine innings. That night Brock stole his 108th and 109th bases. With the score tied 1-1, Lou led off the 13th with a single. The announcer said that Sizemore would sacrifice Lou to second. Not so. On the first pitch to the plate Lou stole second, then Sizemore sacrificed him to *third*, and after Reggie Smith drew an intentional walk Brock scored on a sacrifice fly by Simmons. Al Hrabosky then fanned three (two men got on base) in the bottom of the 13th to give the Birds a 2-1 win. There is no question in my mind who the MVP in the NL is for 1974.

SAM DAVISON

Stillwater, Okla.

THIS YEAR'S YANKS

Sir:

My thanks and appreciation to Ron Reid for his fine article on the Yankees (*No Bombs but Lots of Bullets*, Sept. 23). He gave us an in-depth account of the internal dealings, conflicts and controversies of a club that reacted adversely to a major early-season trade, has replaced a majority of its starting players, has a manager who had the dubious honor of being second choice and an owner who was forced to break ties with the team, and a losing record against almost every other team in its division. Yet this team achieved first place. That says a great deal for the stamina, character and resourcefulness of the 1974 Yankees.

DON CARLOW

Hamden, Conn.

Sir:

In his article on the Bronx Bullets it seems fitting Ron Reid mentioned that Bobby Murcer had not yet hit a homer in Shea Stadium, for it was on the very next weekend at Shea that he hit two homers, one a game-winner against Cleveland.

MIKE TEDESCHI

Wayne, N.J.

Sir:

The story on the Yankees gave an accurate account of their unexpected surge but neglected to mention several key contributors to the rise. Along with Elliott Maddox and Sandy Alomar, Jim Mason's slick fielding has tightened the Yankee defense up the middle, long a sore spot. Craig Nettles has supplied several of the bullets that have led to Yankee wins, and his fielding has been exceptional. Rudy May has been a solid starting pitcher since his acquisition from California. Lastly, the oft-maligned and unappreciated Roy White has provided the winning spark for New York several times since Manager Bill Virdon began playing him regularly again a couple of months ago. For years White was the Yankees' most solid ballplayer, keeping them respectable during the lean years. He would often sacrifice his average to give the Bombers the long-ball hitting they badly needed. He is an excellent fielder who has received unfair criticism because he has only an adequate throwing arm. An injury and the Yankees' overabundance of outfielders forced White to the bench for several weeks this season. Once Virdon began playing him regularly, Roy snapped a two-year hitting slump and has again attained the performance level that has gained him All-Star status in the past.

BILL NOWAK

Adelphi, Md.

Sir:

You mention Yankee Manager Bill Virdon as a strong candidate for Manager of the Year. Maybe so. But I would have to

continued



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STEVE WILSON

Richardson, Texas

NOT PAUL

Sir

Being an ardent fan of the Dolphins and also of Paul Warfield, I must point out that the picture on page 49 of your Sept. 16 issue was not of Miami's brilliant wide receiver sipping a cool one "where the lights were low." Any likeness of his profile to the one shown is purely incidental.

SARAH ALEXANDER

Boca Raton, Fla.

• SI's apologies to Paul Warfield, who neither drinks nor smokes. —ED.

A VOTE FOR CHICK

Sir:

I must protest, in strong terms, the omission from this first year's World Golf Hall of Fame inductees (*A Hall of Fame Gate-Crasher*, Sept. 23) of Charles (Chick) Evans Jr., the first man ever to win both the U.S. Open and the Amateur in the same year (1916). Chick is also the founder of the Evans Scholarships, which have put hundreds of caddies through college. Compared to Chick, who never did turn pro, or entertain such a thought, the Palmers and Nicklauses are mercenary Johnny-come-latelies. Evans' game was golf, not gold.

JOHN STUART MARTIN

Great Meadows, N.J.

GOLD DUST

Sir:

Now that you have found out why we people of the Bay Area go to 49er games (*There's Gold in Them Nuggets*, Sept. 23), let's get Horace Stoneham to form an all-girl promotional group for his San Francisco Giants. Maybe a few more fans will come out to Candlestick Park.

ALAN DIANICH

San Bruno, Calif.

MARCHING ORDERS

Sir:

In your article *Welcome to the 1,000-hour Season* (TV-RADIO, Sept. 16) William Leggett blithely dismisses halftime ceremonies as "those mindless bands wandering around . . . tooting *Age of Aquarius*." Halftime football commentary has hardly risen to the point that it outshines a Bach fugue, which was performed by the University of Tennessee band between halves of the Tennessee-UCLA TV game. (The announcer confused the fugue with a popular tune that was to follow it.)

When I was at LSU, our repertoire was extensive but not unique: classics, American

continued

What a Lot of People



"Good looks are number one in my book."

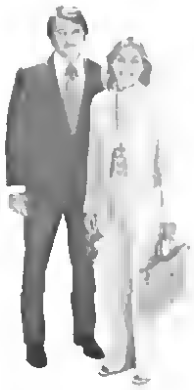
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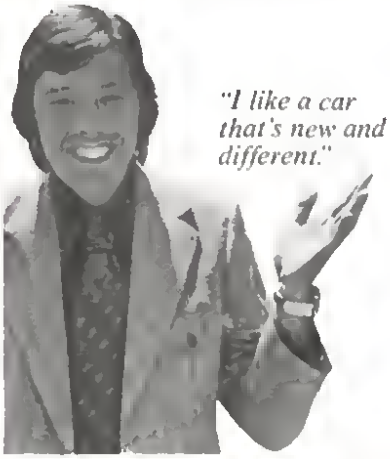
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folk songs, show tunes and, yes, a smattering of popular music. Devoted bandsmen who must learn such a variety of styles deserve a better shake from the fans, many of whom can't feel their extremities, much less see the field by halftime.

BARRY G. WAHLIG

Atlanta

Sir:

Regarding William Leggett's opinion of marching bands at professional football games, I was a member of one of "those mindless bands wandering around at halftime." The Upper Arlington High School Marching Band, of which I was a member, had the extreme honor of being invited to perform at halftime of a game between the Bengals and the Vikings at Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium. We prepared a halftime show and worked for more than two months to perfect it. On the day of the game, however, CBS, in all its wisdom, chose to present, instead of our halftime show, some of the most inane football commentary in the history of network television. Football would not be the great sport that it is without the contributions of marching bands, majorettes, drill teams and cheerleaders. These and other groups combine to make football something special to millions of Americans. It is amazing to me that the three networks, which air as much as 30 hours of football a week, cannot devote 15 minutes to a halftime show. If I am ever asked, "Who's the best?" my answer will be, "Certainly not CBS."

MARK BASFORD

Columbus, Ohio

NATIONAL CREWS

Sir:

In FOR THE RECORD (Sept. 16) you reported that the United States won the elite eight at the world rowing championships in Lucerne, Switzerland with a "pick-up" crew. Perhaps it is a matter of semantics, but our pick-up crew consisted of oarsmen from all parts of the U.S. who had been carefully selected, tested and trained in our national camp under National Team Coach Allan Rosenberg. The national camp and the national team concept have been used in training the eight and four with cox for the past three years in an attempt to improve the performance of U.S. crews. It is interesting to note that the first three finishers in this race all consisted of national camp teams as opposed to products of the old team trials system.

JULIAN WOLF
Member, U.S. Olympic
Men's Rowing Committee

Los Angeles

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